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FEBRUARY 11, 1969

Bucher vs. Who?
by WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.
—SEE PAGE 141

NATIONAL REVIEW

BIG BROTHER IS DEAD TOO

Kenneth Melvin

THE TWILIGHT OF DE GAULLE

James Burnham

AUSTRALIA LOOKS TO NIXON

Justus van der Kroef

The New Word Game: NEGRO and BLACK

DAVID BRUDNOY

Grooving with Doubleyou Ay-Bee-See

ANTHONY DOLAN

Also Reviews by:

DAVENPORT, GELTMAN, CRINKLEY AND BUCKLEY

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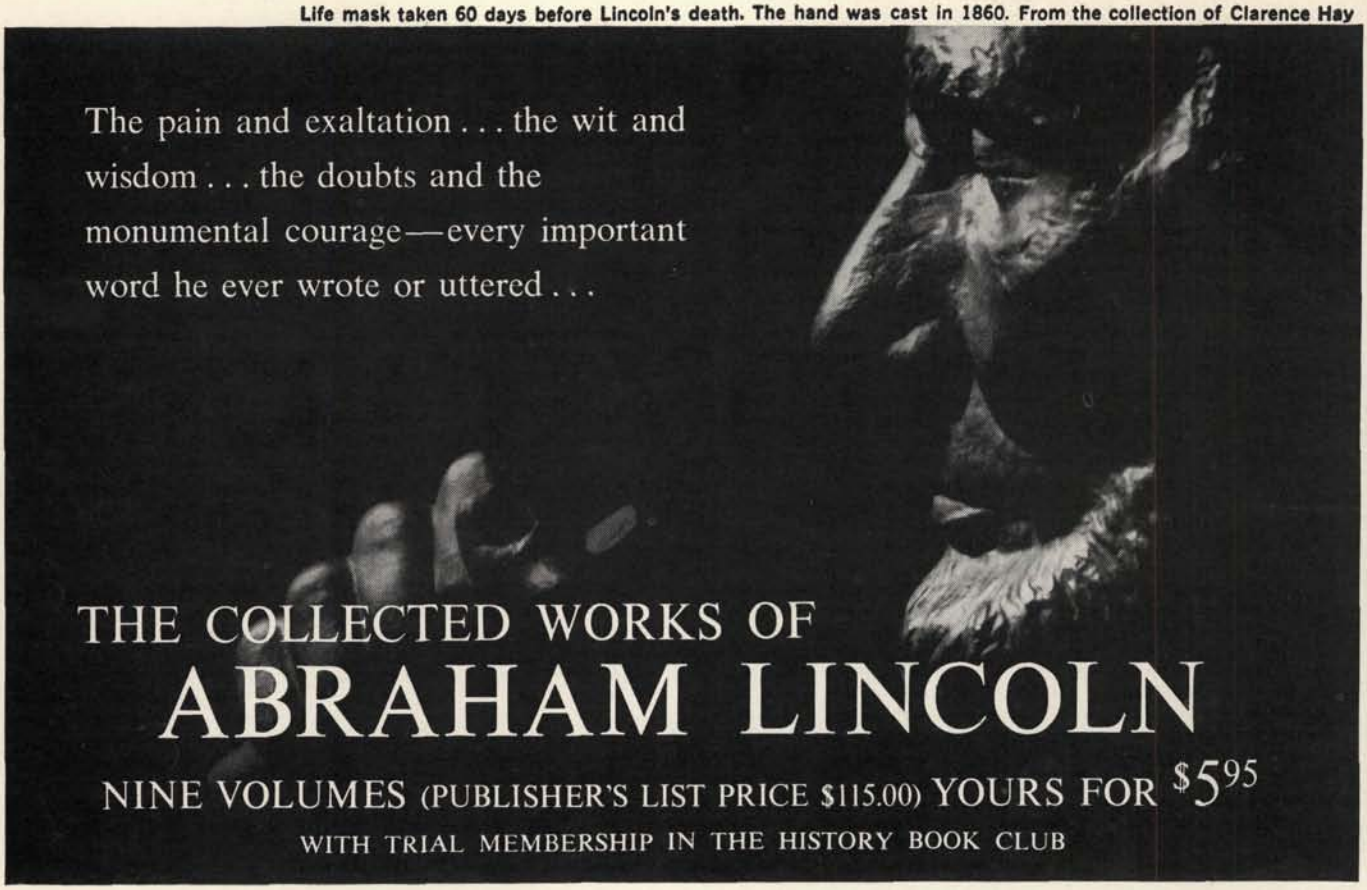
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay



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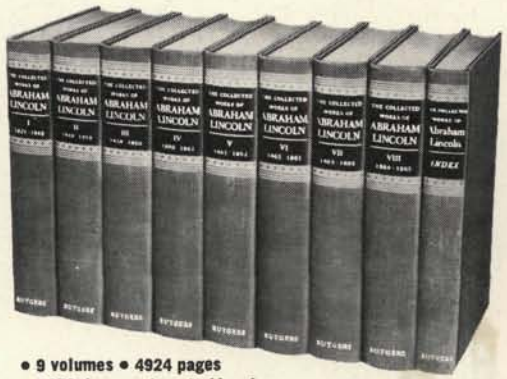

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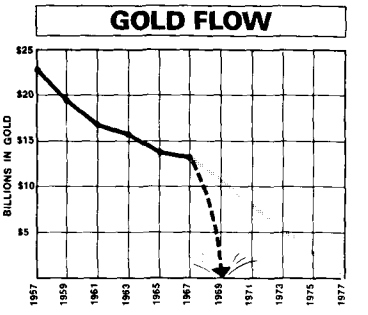

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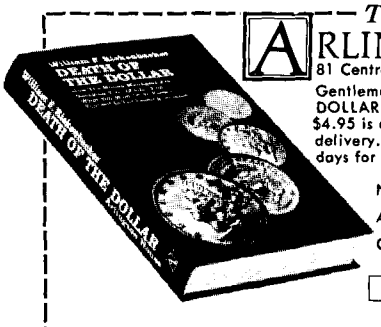

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXI No. 5

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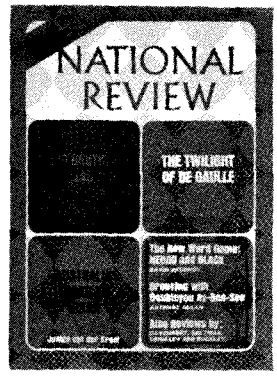
IN THIS ISSUE

■ Orwell missed the point, says **Kenneth Melvin**. The Welfare State is not an ideological monstrosity but the inevitable by-product of the affluent society. "We have lived through the end of ideology," he writes. "The welfare society is not a doctrinaire creation of either the political Left or the political Right; it just had to happen under the economics of surplus." Professor Melvin, a British scholar on the faculty of Boston University's School of Education, comes by his somewhat dissident views on welfarism after a lifetime of experience in his subject. He was born in New Zealand, "the prototype social service state of the Western world," moving for his education to the England of Orwell and the Webbs. Now in America, he buttresses his findings with citations from Tocqueville to Karen Horney. A provocative article and one headed into the winds of controversy, if we know our readers . . . **Justus M. van der Kroef** brings us abreast of developments on the world's most neglected continent, which just happens to be a keystone in our Asian defense policy. Professor van der Kroef, of the University of Bridgeport, arrived recently in Australia after a long tour of Southeast Asia. . . . What do you say—"black"? "Negro"? "Afro-American"? Check your reflexes against **David Brunoy**'s on p. 123. . . . Some very odd happenings are taking place up at New York's Met Museum in the show called "Harlem on My Mind." **Ruth Berenson**, who has known the Met in better days (only last fall, alas) takes a look, or rather wishes she could, since there isn't a work of art to be seen.



■ **James Burnham** writes from de Gaulle's Paris, which is not entirely inhabited by student revolutionaries and anti-Americans. . . . From Vietnam, **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** predicts what would happen if peace came. . . . Campus reporter **Anthony R. Dolan** (Yale, 1970) tunes in on a New York outlet for the "young sound." . . . **Russell Kirk** wraps up The Situation. . . . You *can* be a gastronome in London, says **Nika Hazelton**. . . . Lloyd Bucher? A brave man, says **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**—now let's shape up the Navy.

■ **Priscilla Buckley** gives two cheers for Norman Mailer. . . . **Guy Davenport** discovers a masterpiece. . . . Former Communist Harold Cruse can't let go of the old slogans, writes **Max Geltman**. . . . **Peter P. Witonski**, now at the University of Lisbon, acclaims the new book on Sartre by Thomas Molnar. . . . Marlene Dietrich's one-woman show provokes a metaphysical reverie in drama critic **Richmond Crinkley**. Conclusion: she exists.

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LETTERS

Free Enterprise and All That

Your editorial, "What We Need is a Law . . ." [Jan. 14], could have been written by Bertram Scudder or whined by Wesley Mouch in Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*. You state: "The best solution for New York would be new legislation, not only tougher than the Taylor Law but also broad enough to cover private industries regulated by government and essential to the public welfare." What is the "public welfare"? What is "essential," in this context? Even NATIONAL REVIEW should have gotten over those crutch-words by now!

What you really mean to say, but for some reason leave implicit, is that you endorse the idea of government aiming its gun at certain private businesses, and that you are so appalled by the result of this policy that you now wish to have the government aim its guns at the employees of these businesses as well.

The source of the problem is government regulation of private industry (any private industry, even the ones you deem "essential to the public welfare"), and the solution is the abolition of regulation. Your solution would only carry the totalitarianism you allege to be fighting one step further. Sometimes I think NATIONAL REVIEW could do more for freedom by being openly against it.

University City, Mo. FRANK BUBB

We share Mr. Bubb's conviction that all governmental interference with free markets is ultimately self-defeating. In practice, we would add, some interferences—such as regulations that create monopolies in enterprise or labor—are more obviously suicidal than others (e.g. requiring seat belts in automobiles). We urged, in essence, and regret we didn't say it explicitly, that the government that creates such monopolies should go on to curtail their power to do harm, if only because we do want a little juice in the wires whilst we discuss better ways to light the parlor. —ED.

WFB's remarks about Ayn Rand were non-objective to say the least, but reader D. H. Jones' denigration of NATIONAL REVIEW's standing as a capitalistic venture isn't worth two cents either [Letters, Jan. 14].

In attempting to break up the monopoly of the liberal press, *NR* acts in the best tradition of the free enterprise system. So the magazine isn't making money yet. It takes patience and persistence to uproot entrenched interests—especially those which control men's minds through their

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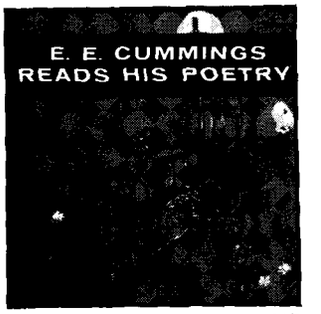

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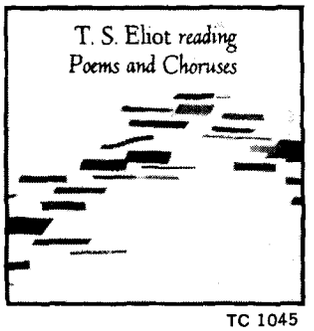

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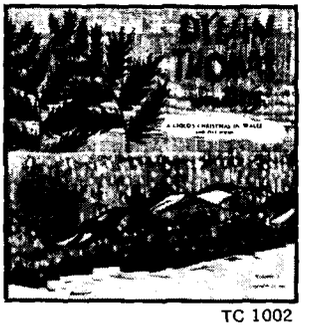
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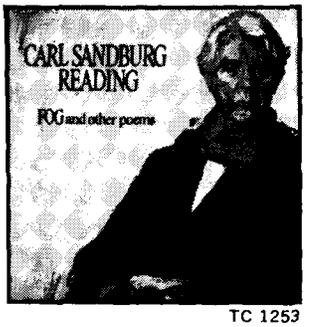

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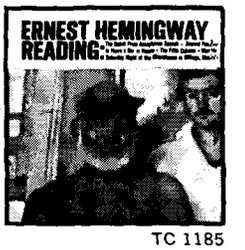

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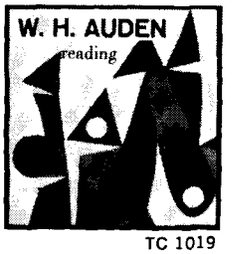

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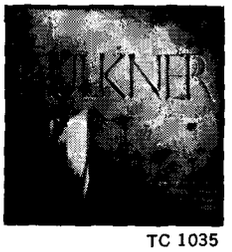

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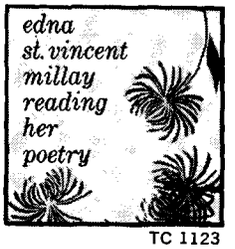

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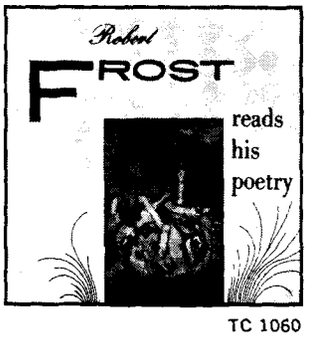

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Fairview Park, Ohio TONI KANN

JFK's Cuban Pledge

While I enjoyed very much C. Dickerman Williams' article in your January 14 issue, "Is Nixon Bound by Kennedy's Cuban 'Pledge'?", I think his remarks would have added more to the body of extant information on the Cuban missile crisis if he had concentrated less on who is bound by the so-called "no-invasion" pledge and tried to ascertain whether or not the pledge is still operative.

I have corresponded with the State Department on this matter and, if they are to be believed, the so-called "pledge," even if agreed to at the time, was subsequently invalidated by Castro's reneging on his part of the bargain.

On April 12 of last year, Mr. John F. Fitzgerald, Coordinator of Cuban Affairs at the State Department, wrote to me: "During the missile crisis of 1962 there was an exchange of communications between President Kennedy, Chairman Khrushchev, and UN Secretary General U Thant involving a proposal that offensive weapons should be removed from Cuba and not reintroduced. The proposal stipulated that arrangements should be made for UN observation and supervision to ensure the carrying out of these commitments, after which the U.S. was to remove its naval quarantine and give assurances against an invasion of Cuba.

"The Castro regime adamantly refused to accept any arrangements for international inspection and continuing safeguards against the reintroduction of offensive missiles. Although the United States satisfied itself by other means that these weapons were withdrawn from Cuba and therefore lifted the quarantine, it cannot be said that the conditions for the proposed agreement were ever carried out. Consequently, the assurances which the United States might have been prepared to give out are not considered to have become operative."

Washington, D.C. JOHN D. LOFTON JR.

Israel v. Lebanon

Re "Israeli Overkill?" [*NR*, Jan. 14]. Has my favorite magazine developed some sort of knee-jerk reaction to Israel's actions? Forgive my fellow Jews their propensity to vote Democrat (maddening though it is) and consider these silly statements in your item:

1) "The retaliation, in the ratio of 13 to 1, was wildly excessive." Since the Israelis lost one person and no airplanes and the Lebanese lost thirteen airplanes and no people (that's right, *no* one was hurt) do you really mean to characterize the ratio of thirteen planes to one person as wildly excessive?

2) "More important still, the attack was launched against a nation, which along with Jordan, has used its influence in the Arab world on the side of moderation." Come now—what influence, and more important still, what moderation? Certainly you do not mean to imply that the forces of moderation in the Arab world have been keeping in check the forces that seek the annihilation of Israel?

3) ". . . if the Israeli leadership did not believe it could count, when the chips were down, upon full U.S. military support." I am afraid that you do not realize that those fellows are counting only upon themselves, thank God. The U.S. didn't help them in 1949, or 1956 or 1967.

4) My friends tell me that conservative Republicans are antisemitic, and I have been telling them for years this is nonsense. I am afraid, however, that the NATIONAL REVIEW is as irrational on the issue of Israel as are most Jews.

Annandale, Va. B. J. SADOFF JR.

1) The human factor is irrelevant in that it was sheer chance that the bombs failed to destroy human beings, as well as aircraft. The helicopter pilots were not aware that the airplanes didn't have people in them at the time the bombs were dropped. 2) The influence is that of the Maronite Christians, who have consistently urged moderation towards Israel, presumably fearing that overwhelming Muslimism would endanger their own survival. 3) Come on. 4) Your friends should know better. —ED.

On the Right

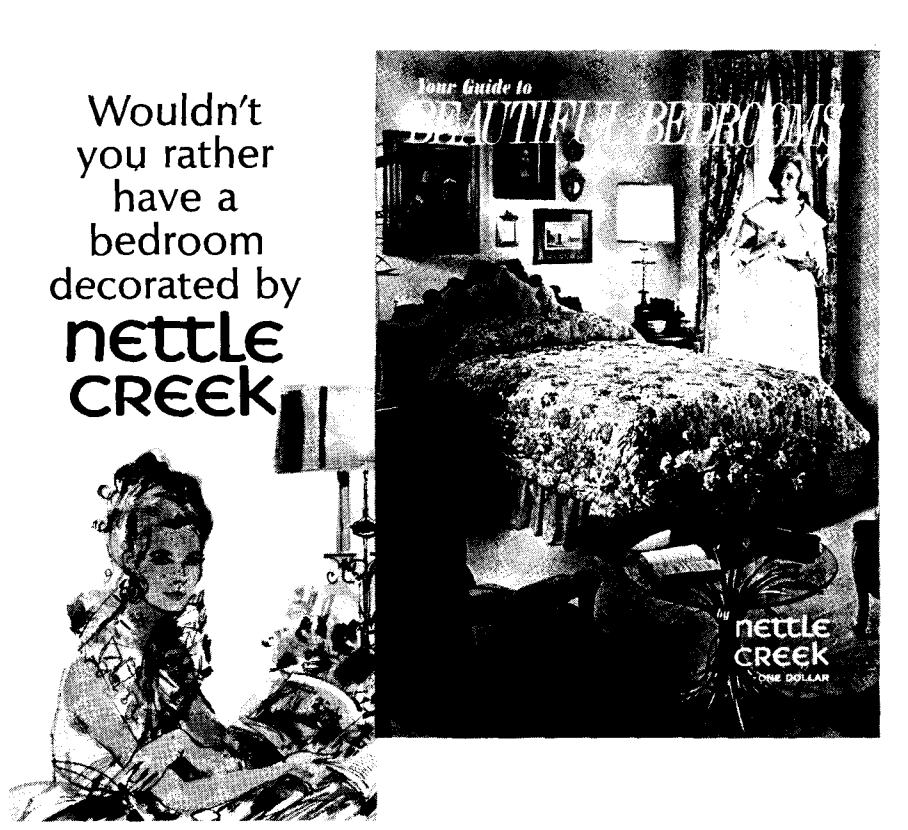
Re: the "On the Right" columns in the Jan. 14th issue. The premise that reverse discrimination should be applied in favor of Negro students in college, and Negro faculty in high schools, is reprehensible. It is the worst form of racism because it is masked by kindness. It is the white, knee-jerk, liberal tradition which your magazine has decried for years.

As a former teacher, I treated Negroes in the same manner as I treated whites. That is to say, I set standards which were either met by the student or he failed. From the tone of Mr. Buckley's article, I feel that he would be surprised to hear that a good, equal proportion of Negroes met those standards. My point is, Negroes are not ineducable, nor do they need crutches to make it on their own.

As for surrendering undiscriminating minds to the ranting of pseudo-educated, doctrinaire fanatics, with the absurd idea of massively recapturing the schools in a few years if all doesn't go well, I say, "Please, Bill, take a good long rest."

Bronx, N.Y. FRANKLIN D. O'TOOLE

(Continues on p. 139)



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THE WEEK

■ Lyndon Johnson's memoirs have been sold for $1.5 million, payable to the Johnson School of Government at the University of Texas. The memoirs will record the birth in humble circumstances, the steadfast struggle of the blameless youth, the devotion to scholarship, the love of teaching, the call to higher service, the forty days in the wilderness with Billy Sol, the triumphal entry into South Chicago, the severe tribulation in the Carousel Garden with Bobby Baker, and the final triumph of virtue. Weep for Clio.

■ a) Sirhan Sirhan. b) Clay Shaw and Jim Garrison. c) James Earl Ray. In the case of a) no one seems to be claiming conspiracy. The defense will rest its case not on the fact that Sirhan Sirhan did not pull the fatal trigger but on extenuating circumstances. In the case of b) if Jim Garrison can win a conviction, it will tend to confirm widely-held theories that Lee Harvey Oswald had confederates, that the murder of John F. Kennedy was a conspiracy and that other guilty parties have yet to be brought to justice. (A conviction of Shaw will be a conviction, too, of the finding of the Warren Commission.) Case c) seems even more confused. On the surface it would appear that James Earl Ray was either paid to commit the murder or possibly set up as the fall guy for the murder. Was he, as has been rumored, paid to kill Martin Luther King by New Orleans businessmen who hoped that the Negro reaction to the murder of King would be a revolution in the streets that would, in turn, provoke severe white counter-action? A rather overschematized idea. What is the evidence that the Rev. James Bevel claims he has that will clear Ray of the charges against him, and will we get to hear Bevel in court? Are Bevel and perhaps the Rev. Ralph Abernathy engaged in a propagandistic attempt to affix the guilt for the murder of Martin Luther King not on Ray but on the white community at large? Said Abernathy the other day, it is not *who* killed Dr. King but *what* killed Dr. King that is important. Some of these questions will have been answered by spring; the more that are, the better for the country at large.

■ The last budget submitted while Richard Nixon was Vice President came to some $80 billion. Now Mr. Nixon takes over as President with the duty of carving the fat off Lyndon Johnson's budget of $196 billion. Allowing for the "guidepost" of 3.2 per cent yearly raises, which has been in effect for the last seven or eight years, we can expect Mr. Nixon to trim approximately $93 billion off Mr. Johnson's budget. Right?

■ We see you, Teddy. *Item*, having outfoxed Russell Long and gotten the whipship, you are consolidating your position with the same Senate Old Guard that Long represented (witness your careful steering-clear of the latest filibuster fight). *Item*, you made the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek* in the same week (and, oddly, *Time* received an unprecedented flood of letters violently attacking the Kennedys and all their works). *Item*, you are building bridges to the old-line labor leaders who couldn't stand your brother Robert—you had thirty-odd of them out to dinner at your place in December; in January some union lobbyists took your part against Long. *Item*, already the lobbyists of all kinds are flocking to you, buying expensive plates at dinners given to help pay off Robert's campaign debt. The juggernaut is rolling along nicely; we'll keep watching.

■ Harlem residents pay "up to six times as much" for prescription drugs as residents of white neighborhoods on the West Side, reported *Time* not long ago. The information came from the *Manhattan Tribune*, a mildly muckraking weekly that sent out a crew of reporters to do comparison shopping. An incredulous and energetic reader of ours did some shopping of his own: Armed with a prescription for 250 mg. of Terramycin, he visited sixteen drugstores, twelve of them in Harlem. Asking prices ranged from $8.50 to $11.50; most were $8.95 or $9, and only four Harlem drugstores wanted more than that ($9.95, $10.50, $10.50 and $11.50). Which suggests that the ghetto resident, if he is willing to shop for price, can easily avoid being gouged.

■ A worthy sequel to Margaret Mead's Samoan sexology would be an essay on coming of age in Washington, D.C. —with emphasis on the ritual hazing of postulants for federal position. Take Frank Shakespeare Jr., former head of the International Division of CBS and now Nixon's man at the USIA. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee took two whole hours of its time to grill Shakespeare on semantics, foreign aid, intervention, and *tout ce jazz-là*. High priest Fulbright kept objecting to "rounded phrases." Well, Shakespeare is in, and the USIA is in good hands, but the confirmation procedure does seem like gratuitous torment for a man who desires no more than to be a good and faithful servant to his country.

■ On the monetary front all is calm. In London the price of gold remains at $42-plus, which is the upper limit for present arrangements. The U.S. balance of payments showed an improvement, but only because foreign capital went surging into the New York stock market last year. The U.S. earned surplus in international trade has dropped from $6 billion to zero in the last ten years. Everybody acknowledges that the ultimate villain is inflation, but the banking statistics suggest that inflation in the U.S. continues apace. All is calm.

■ War profiteering? The *NAM Reports* Magazine concludes a three-part series on defense contractors (January 20 issue) with an explanation of the abnormally low

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(I cannot take four years of Dr. Peale.)
What's wrong, America? I give you odds
He'll press the button by September. We'll
Be vaporized, of course, and serve us right.
Poor Hiss . . . poor Helen Douglas . . . *Emigrate*:
(I'd do it, but it gets the wife uptight).
Two bits they tune in Lawrence Welk at 8:00!
Pablo Casals, where are you? Robert Frost?
The Cabinet is *ghastly*. (Middle Class,
I give you Richard Nixon.) We are lost.
Seal up the windows, please. Turn on the gas.
We're destined to be governed by a jerk
Elected by the stupid clods who work.

W. H. VON DREELE

profits in defense work: ". . . non-payment for risk capital . . . a host of normal business costs . . . technological research. . . ."

■ At the University of Hawaii not long ago Capt. D. E. Smith, a recruiter for the Marine Corps, was told to Leave Immediately—after he had set up his table and everything! It seems that the very presence of Capt. Smith on the campus was "provocative," "inflammatory," and an "incitement to riot." Said Robert W. Hiatt, President of the University, "This was incredibly poor timing on the part of the Marines. I was appalled. I couldn't believe it." Why bad timing—was it lunch-time? No, but the anti-war Resistance was mad at the Captain for being there, Young Americans for Freedom was mad at Resistance for being mad, and the good president, not knowing what to do, simply decided that the recruiter was disturbing the peace. So, in the great tradition of liberal fearlessness, the Courage Man shooed him away and said, "I am very disturbed that anyone invited here should be asked to leave, but I don't want to post police all over the campus."

■ One important reason for traffic congestion at major airline terminals is competitive scheduling by the airlines—with resultant empty seats. As a result, government aviation officials have ordered "rationing" of take-off and landing slots at several major airports. In order to reduce the problem in the future, the Federal Aviation people have asked airlines to get together in a joint scheduling conference. But the anti-trust division has prohibited that move, unless the Civil Aeronautics Board first determines that congestion requires rationing. In American aviation the ordeal by planning goes on apace.

■ In conjunction with its "Harlem on My Mind" exhibition (see page 125), the Metropolitan Museum of Art has set up some ancillary activities, among them a "Harlem Bookstore" at which the gallery-goer is told he can find reading matter on the subjects he has just seen. On display (and on the eye-level bookshelves) are 24 volumes brought out by New York's Communist publishing house (International Publishers, New World Paperbacks, Little New World Paperbacks), and another nine with the imprint of Merit Publishers, a company run by the Socialist Workers Party. What some of these titles have to do with Harlem, only Kwame Nkrumah can say, he having authored three of the books on sale, among them *Neo-Colonialism: The Last Stage of Imperialism*. If the customer is looking for a book on the American Civil War, he has a single choice: *The Civil War in the U.S.*, by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels.

■ The assassination of Robert Kennedy was followed by demands for gun control legislation and a bitter attack on the National Rifle Association, which was pictured in the press as the evil gun lobby. Mr. Gilbert Durand has looked up the membership of the NRA and reports that six U.S. Presidents have belonged: Ulysses S. Grant, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Richard M. Nixon. The sixth? John F. Kennedy.

■ The Reverend James Keller, the founder and director of the Christophers movement, has probably spoken personally and on television in more living rooms, more churches, more gymnasiums and more parade grounds than anyone else alive today. He is a Maryknoll priest who 25 years ago founded a movement based on the slogan "you can change the world." His simplicity, directness, charm and faith have inspired and touched millions of Americans who have known him as the exemplary Christian. Having reached seventy, Fr. Keller is retiring, and turning over the organization to his able assistant, Fr. Armstrong. It is the end of an era and all of us who have been influenced by him extend to him our gratitude.

Incident at the Kremlin

The shooting incident at the Burowitsky gate to the Kremlin is bizarre and mysterious enough to be a scene in *Boris Godunov*. Although there were (or are alleged to have been) many witnesses, nothing was released for publication for twenty-four hours. From then on the story was altered in each re-telling. A person, clad (in one later account) in the uniform of the Kremlin guards, is said to have fired several times on the parade of cars escorting the Soviet astronauts, and to have wounded someone. According to one version, the assailant was intending to shoot a couple of the Soviet political leaders who were, however, driving further back in the line.

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What are we to think? Did anything happen at all, or is the whole incident an invention? Apparently there *were* shots fired, since several foreigners who were present have confirmed it. Was it a psychopath? A Lee Oswald type? Or was this a serious political act directed against the regime and thus perhaps expressing in its own way the same dissent that has been manifesting itself in Czechoslovakia, the Ukraine, Poland and among the Russian intellectuals?

Or was it a provocation staged by the rulers for some purpose of their own? One could not help recalling the 1934 assassination of the Leningrad party boss, Sergei Kirov, that provided Stalin with his excuse for launching the four-year mass terror campaign and the Great Purge.

Whatever actually happened, the Communist leaders believe they are the makers, not the subjects, of history. They will therefore transform the incident into a version they think will best serve their policy. They could, as in the Kirov precedent, use it as trigger to a clampdown on the dissidence—in which version the hero-astronauts themselves might become the intended victims of a general anti-Soviet plot that manipulates all the opposition.

But the interesting and surprising fact is that *no* coherent official version has yet been given. This, like the inconclusive Soviet behavior in relation to Czechoslovakia, suggests that the leaders do not have a clear-cut policy, that they perhaps fear the incident, if made much of, might help consolidate and inspire dissident elements. It is possible this curious event will be allowed to fade quietly out of history.

Nonproliferation For Whom?

The Nixon Administration has indicated it is now ready for the Senate to confirm the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, though it has not made clear exactly why. If the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia was, as Mr. Nixon urged during the campaign, a sufficient reason to suspend action, the current Czech situation hardly seems a happy occasion for resuming. But more fundamentally: why this treaty at all? Surely—if the treaty is taken at face value—this is a classic case of shutting the door a phase too late.

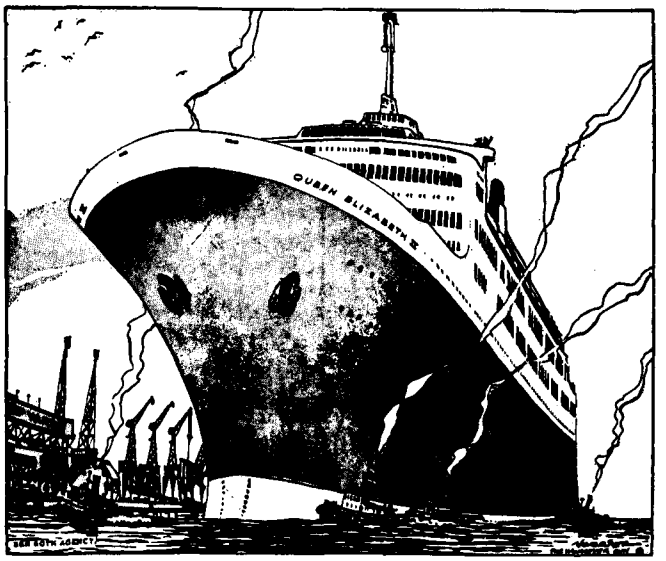
France and China already have A-bombs and H-bombs and are not going to sign the treaty. This everyone knows. But many overlook the significance of the fact that the treaty says nothing about the proliferation of reactors capable of making the materials out of which A-bombs and H-bombs are made. In point of fact, reactors are spreading through the globe, and the initiative of a number of industrial nations, headed by the United States, aims to make that spread much more rapid in the next decade.

The treaty provides only that nuclear installations of signatory nations shall be subject to international inspection, and leaves vague the inspection procedures. There would be no insuperable technical difficulty in diverting enough nuclear material for some bombs. Several nations—Israel and India prominent among them—are in a position to put together nuclear bombs in short order. Some people believe Israel already has one or two.

Technical developments make the possibility of adequate inspection and control more remote for the future. Enriched uranium, the substance used for H-bombs and essential to light-weight bombs suitable for missile heads, has up to now been processed by a gaseous diffusion method. (Enriched uranium can also be used, and is used, for power plants and other civilian applications.) The gaseous diffusion process requires huge, costly, easily detectable plants that need colossal amounts of electric power. The only such plants in existence are three in the United States, two in the Soviet Union, and one relatively small one each in Britain, France and China. There are not likely to be many others.

Another method—by centrifuge—has been long known and has now been pretty well perfected on a laboratory scale. Its technical adaptation for large-scale production is only a question of a few years of organized development. The centrifuge method of producing enriched uranium will be immensely cheaper, will need much less power, and will not require physical concentration in huge installations. Thus we must expect that within a few years many or most nations will be getting these nuclear centrifuges. These will greatly enlarge the civilian scope of nuclear power. At the same time they will put many nations in a technical position to make H-bombs with little chance of being detected.

It seems so obvious that the treaty is inadequate to its avowed aims that we must conclude that its avowed aims are not its actual aim. And this is at least in part the case. The central purpose of the Treaty as Moscow sees it is to formalize a Soviet-American guarantee that West Germany will never receive or make nuclear weapons. A new Versailles *diktat,* in short. Even if that



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

". . . Don't tell me you threw it out with the wrappings! . . . It was a little blue card . . . marked 'warranty'."

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purpose is commendable, it is far from certain that a special Soviet-American deal—this is what everyone knows the Nonproliferation Treaty amounts to—is the best way to accomplish it.

Jew and Black

The manners of our public rhetoric do not reflect our social reality. Publicly, we are a nation of individual, equal "Americans." And the manners of this rhetoric doubtless function as a sort of benevolent myth, helping to soften conflict, and reinforcing what solidarity does exist. But as everyone knows, we are, in an important sense, a nation of groups, social and ethnic. Sometimes these are harmonious; often they are at loggerheads, whether over material interests or issues of morality, status and symbolic power. During the past few years in New York City the conflict between two of these groups, the Negroes and the Jews, a conflict that has many aspects and complexities, has become so intense that it has burst through the restraints implicit in the manners of our public rhetoric. It is out in the open. Yet the complexity has been strangely flattened by the form in which this conflict has been expressed, a form which placed the Negroes morally on the defensive from the start. The key question has been: to what extent are Negroes antisemitic, and how dangerous is this?

So overheated has the entire question become that it has generated an atmosphere in which words and deeds have become primarily symbolic, meant not as analyses or attempts to reach truth or equity, but only as expressions of partisanship. They serve only as answers to the questions, Who are you for? and Are you virtuous?

In such an atmosphere, the bizarre becomes commonplace. Last week, for example, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith issued a report on racial tensions growing out of the school controversy. "Raw, undisguised antisemitism," it said, "is at a crisis level in New York City schools where, unchecked by public authority, it has been building for more than two years." Only the week before, the Mayor had convened a Special Committee, headed by Judge Botein, which issued similar findings. But if the findings were similar, it was no coincidence, for the Mayor's Special Committee had used the ADL's staff as its researchers.

Absurdity has been piled on absurdity. Poor Lindsay has gone about defending himself against charges of antisemitism, or, alternatively, white racism. Both Negroes and Jews have made hysterical statements. And the political vultures are stretching their wings. Take Paul O'Dwyer, for example. During the recent campaign he had the sublime effrontery to denounce Jacob Javits for being soft on antisemitism. Jacob Javits! Now he's denouncing Columbia University for antisemitism. It seems that the alumni magazine, in a special issue entirely devoted to last spring's campus upheaval, noted, in describing the backgrounds of the principal figures, that many Columbia SDSers are Jews. So what else is new? To O'Dwyer this is "promoting antisemitism" and he wants to haul the university before the City Human Rights Commission. Like Mayor Lindsay, Columbia has been forced to deny, ignominiously, that it is antisemitic.

One of the most acrimonious controversies has swirled around the Metropolitan Museum of Art's photographic exhibition called "Harlem on My Mind" (see p. 125). The provocation here was an introduction to the catalog of the exhibition written by a sixteen-year-old Negro school girl, Candice Van Ellison—not a little of it a paraphrase of points made by Daniel Moynihan and Nathan Glazer in *Beyond the Melting Pot*. The Mayor has denounced the introduction as antisemitic; most of the metropolitan press has followed suit. Yet, seen in the cool light of day, all the introduction does is restate what, after all, are mere commonplaces of social observation. Thus, everyone familiar with the subject knows that demographic evolution in the City has brought Negroes and Jews into conflict. The Negroes have moved into the ghettos the Jews were leaving; impoverished Negroes feel exploited by the Jewish businessmen who remained behind, and the Jewish landlords who own the tenements; Negroes feel at a disadvantage relative to the more achievement-oriented Jews; Negro women develop resentment as domestics in middle-class Jewish homes. There's nothing new here, yet Miss Van Ellison sees it and points it out. And she has brought down the roof on Museum Director Thomas Hoving, the formerly chic aide of Mayor Lindsay. Hoving has been denounced in scathing terms by the Mayor and by everyone else, and any hope he may have entertained of a political career in New York is surely dead.

The most inflammatory assertion in Miss Ellison's introduction reads as follows: "One other important factor worth noting is that, psychologically, blacks may find that anti-Jewish sentiments place them, for once, within a majority. Thus, our contempt for the Jew makes us feel more completely American by sharing a national prejudice." Now antisemitism scarcely ranks as a "national prejudice"; yet professional social scientists have

Hindsight

As trousers wax and minis wane,
The men grow morbid. I'll explain.
Pear-shaped or apple, *derrières*
Promote the pinch; invite the stares.
But girls: the secret which exerts
This fascination is the *skirts*.
Encased in leggings, what was cute
Makes man a monumental mute.
Therefore, a little hindsight, please!
No gal looks good in BVDs.
And rare's the guy who gets the hots
For pants or trousers or culottes.

W. H. VON DREELE

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made Miss Van Ellison's point. The psychological reality to which she is testifying is that Negroes may *think* it's a national prejudice. Again, whether any sizable number of Negroes participate in the complex and involuted emotion she describes is impossible to tell; but she thinks they do, and she may be right, and little would seem to be gained by denouncing her for saying so or Hoving for printing her. Even when she implicates herself in Negro "contempt" for Jews, anyone reading her essay can see that such feelings grow out of the very special experience, the experience of bitter social and psychological conflict, which it is the very point of her essay to define.

There is every reason for a special sensitivity toward every manifestation of antisemitism, and toward any other form of racism. But unless all of us—and not merely James Baldwin and Eldridge Cleaver—are permitted to talk about such things as they exist in our national reality, we won't have much chance of learning how to deal with them.

Messieurs Sont Servis

After a two-months' cocktail prelude while the tables were being set, the guests have now taken their seats in the Grande Salle of the Hotel Majestic. Let us imagine how one of them, sensitive to protocol and diplomatic symbols, might interpret the scene in which he finds himself.

The 31 principals are sitting around an enormous circular table, 26 feet in diameter, its surface area thus a vast 75,000 square inches. Directly opposite each other, but eighteen inches from the great table's edge, are two relatively small rectangular tables for the lower ranks.

Prior to the table-debate, it was the formal position of Washington that there were three genuine political entities involved in the Vietnam war: the South Vietnamese (Saigon) government, the North Vietnamese (Hanoi) government and the United States itself. The National Liberation Front and the Vietcong were merely puppets of Hanoi, without autonomous political reality.

North Vietnam's formal position was also that there were three genuine political entities. But it substituted the NLF ("true representative of the South Vietnamese people") for the Saigon government, which it characterized as a puppet of Washington.

Expressed in table-shape, either of these formal positions calls for a triangle: one side for each of the three entities, though of course #3 would be Saigon by one analysis and the NLF by the other.

In fact neither Hanoi nor Washington seriously tried to press this full implication to its tabular conclusion, since it was self-evident that agreement on either triangle was excluded. Both were ready to compromise their formal positions—if they had not been, they would not have started talking.

The suggested compromises took, in the first stages, rectangular shapes. Hanoi would have liked a square table, with the Hanoi, NLF, Washington and Saigon delegations each occupying one side. This implied a political reality for Saigon that their formal position denied, but in return it recognized the independence and autonomy of the NLF.

Washington would have liked a long, narrow rectangular table, with Hanoi and the NLF sitting as an undifferentiated line on one long side, Washington and Saigon on the other. This failed to express geometrically the sovereign status claimed for Saigon as the legitimate South Vietnamese government—and was therefore a very drastic concession—but it admitted nothing about the NLF.

The further intermediary stages could illustrate a textbook in topology. What of the end result?

As the American delegation sees it, the combined circular-two rectangle arrangement is designed to leave open as many possible "questions of substance." The presence of the two rectangles makes it possible to think of the conference as two-sided, in keeping with Washington's first compromise proposal. But the fact that these rectangles don't actually touch the round table makes it equally possible for Hanoi to say that there are four parties, with the NLF sitting independently. Hanoi and the NLF are using every means to strengthen this impression and to translate it into publicly accepted reality. When everyone is seated, a noticeable space is left between the Hanoi delegation and the NLF delegation. The NLF spokesman led off at the first session. Actually, even more than this is suggested. There is no space between the Washington and Saigon delegations, so that the enemy can picture the geometry as equivalent to their original triangle, with the Saigon puppet absorbed into its imperialistic overlord.

There is thus no question but that—as happens with monotonous regularity in negotiations with Communists—we have conceded by the table protocol more than the enemy has. They wear us down, and in this case Mr. Johnson's wish to close his chapter with "a big step forward toward peace," so ardent that Mr. Nixon couldn't bring himself to block its fulfilment, undoubtedly played a part in our accepting less than half a loaf.

The table layout does not quite commit us to accepting, later, a pre-arranged coalition regime with the NLF as such getting a bloc of posts in a new government. But it does seem to imply that we are, even at this stage, ready to grant the right of NLF members to stand in a future election and be members of a government issuing out of that election. Since the NLF controls a good deal of the countryside, since the Communist terror apparatus will be functioning throughout South Vietnam, and since the non-Communist South Vietnamese—not being totalitarians or terrorists—will be politically divided in an election, full electoral rights for the NLF is probably all the Communists need to assure their eventual takeover. Moreover, by not differentiating the

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Saigon delegates from ours at the table, we undermine Saigon's claim to legitimacy and indirectly aid the Communists' "imperialistic puppet" propaganda. Everyone can see, in every photograph and TV shot, that the NLF is its own master, while Saigon is blurred into the overshadowing ranks of the publicized Americans.

It is very hard to reverse political trends once they are well launched. Mr. Nixon made a mistake in yielding to the vanity of his predecessor; he should have insisted that the table settlement be left open until he had had a chance to get into his own stride, and Mr. Johnson would have had to comply. Mr. Nixon, and we, are likely to regret that mistake before the final score is posted.

Thinking of Chairman Mao

It's lucky we are such staunch disbelievers in Conspiracy Theories. Otherwise we might begin to wonder what's going on in Peking lobby circles. Here are the old reliables of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions staging one of their big get-togethers in Santa Barbara to ponder "a new China policy"—i.e. to start the 20th annual drive going for diplomatic recognition of Peking and admission of Red China to the United Nations. On their green acres there showed up from Tokyo, half a world away, a gaggle of left-wing Japanese types well known for their kindly thoughts about Peking, and, from across the continent, a delegation of well-disposed senators headed by J. William Fulbright and shepherded by ex-Ambassador Arthur Goldberg.

Then at the same moment comes news that the National Committee on United States-China Relations, one of the newer subsidiaries of the let's-be-nice-to-Mao conglomerate, will hold *its* conference March 20-21, and who will be the chief speaker but Edward Kennedy, giving the word as handed down from the Santa Barbara conclave.

As it happens, the global path of the Center and the National Committee had been given a preliminary smoothing by an experienced crew across the other ocean, which, paced by the veteran pen of Owen Lattimore, now resident in England, had many comforting things to say about China in the columns of various British journals. Italy's Foreign Minister, Pietro Nenni, a left-wing Socialist, announced January 24 that the Italian government has decided to recognize Communist China, and will soon present the issue in Parliament. On the same day Canadian Prime Minister Trudeau stated he was planning discussions with Peking representatives looking toward "a possible exchange of diplomatic missions."

These critical Western breaks in the anti-Peking front have, and justifiably, aroused grave concern in Taiwan. Although Mr. Nixon said in his press conference—though rather mildly—that the United States plans no change in its China policy at present, there does seem this time to be the start of a process that may lead to UN membership in the autumn and a flurry of diplomatic recognitions over the next year or two. It is not easy to see what has happened to bring this change of heart. The extravagances of the cultural revolution, the H-bomb brandishing, the intervention in Vietnam, the support of the most extreme elements in Africa and Latin America and among the youth everywhere, surely do not suggest that the current trend of the Chinese Communist government is making it more suitable for taking a normal place in the comity of nations. Recognition of Peking by Paris and London has led not to any improvement in political and trade relations, but to barbarian assaults on French and British diplomats and civilians. It is as true as ever that general recognition would tend to bring almost the whole of the large overseas Chinese communities under Peking's influence and control, and to build Chinese prestige in the Far East and globally.

Maybe Edward Kennedy ought to review his thoughts on the subject.

Hangings in Iraq

The execution by the Iraqi government of fourteen men alleged to be Israeli spies was surely calculated not to protect the internal security of Iraq but to serve as a ghastly note of defiance to Israel. Nine of the fourteen were Jews, and all Jews in Iraq have been in prison or confined to their homes since the Six-Day War in 1967—hardly circumstances conducive to the exercise of espionage.

And then there is the grisly mode of execution Eleven of the victims, though convicted in secret trials, were publicly hanged in Baghdad's Liberation Square, their bodies left on the scaffold as government-organized demonstrators paraded past the next day. Baghdad radio, reporting the hangings, did not report them as an internal matter. "The execution of the traitors," went the broadcast, "is only the first step in the liberation of Palestine."

It is obviously tempting to Israel to consider retaliation against the barbarism of Iraq. There are 65 more "spies" awaiting trial there, and Israel's past experience has shown that reprisals, apart from satisfying the national psyche, tend to assure that the initial provocation will not be repeated. But despite the temptations for exacting revenge and possibly warding off more executions, Israel's leaders must restrain themselves. If the executed men were bona fide Iraqi citizens and not Israeli agents, as Israel claims, then the Israeli government has no responsibility to them, and no duty to avenge their death. That nine of the fourteen were Jewish does not change the issue.

Doubtless Iraq has selected this particular provocation because it bolsters the "militant" reputation of an unsteady and frightened regime in a way that leaves

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Cold Storage

Israel stranded without legal or moral grounds for striking back. The Arabs were buoyed by the public relations gains they scored after Israel's air attack on the Beirut airport, and now they are trying to double that dividend by luring an impassioned Israeli people into an even less defensible countermaneuver. The savage behavior of Iraq deserves the worldwide condemnation it is getting. But it is in the best interests of Israel, and of peace in the Middle East, for Israeli leaders merely to join their voices with the rest—and attempt, for once, to cool it.

Doing Their Thing

The day before President Nixon delivered his inaugural address, the baby Bolsheviks (teen-age recruits of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam—referred to as Mobe, dontcha know), protested the event with an "in-hog-uration" of their own near the Washington Monument where they prattled and pranced around a pig's head, made stern anti-Establishment accusations, and generally expressed the anxieties of our indigenous national liberation forces. Although, in itself, this peculiar demonstration could be dismissed as being oh, the neurotic utterances of the kooks and their friends, what happened the next day was far more ominous.

Several hundred of the hard-core crazies (primarily white, middle-class suburban adolescents in heat) gathered at various predetermined points along the inaugural parade route and, as President Nixon's car passed by, hurled smoke bombs, beer cans, bottles—nearly anything they could lift—at his entourage. And, natch, all this was carefully accompanied by a throbbing fortissimo of jeers, obscenities and the kind of mindless sloganeering that one has come to expect from the New Left ("Nixon: Number One War Criminal"; "Work, Study—Kill!"; "Hell No," etc.).

But you know what? A funny thing happened on the way to the Confrontation. The leadership of Mobe (including such favorite Old Reliables as David Dellinger, Tom Hayden, little Dagmar Wilson of Women Strike for Peace and *that* crew) were—now, pay attention—"shocked." By what? Well, by—I don't know—the whole thing of like throwing junk at Dick and Pat. I mean—that's going *too* far! Well, what do you know—years and years of training and here they go and show their middle-class values.

Wallace McCutcheon, R I P

Wallace McCutcheon's life in Canada was devoted to two careers. In his first career he became perhaps the most successful businessman of his generation in Canada. When he left the board room and entered active politics he was unable to translate those qualities that had led to business success into political support. He failed in his attempt to win the leadership of the Tory Party after the demise of Diefenbaker and even failed to be elected to Parliament in 1968 as Trudeaumania swept over his riding. Yet when he died last week more Canadians mourned the loss of a political figure than the death of a business giant. McCutcheon's drive for party leadership was foredoomed to failure because of his unreconstructed devotion to conservatism in a country grown flabby from welfarism. By selling off its storehouse of natural resources Canada was, and is, able to finance a bloated government. McCutcheon derided welfarism and called for an open society, freed of the heavy hand of the state. His uncompromising support for principles of freedom won him the affection and respect of his party and large segments of the country, but not victory. His trenchant critiques of statism raised the debate on Canada's future to a higher level. Now that his voice will no longer be heard the advocates of socialism can rest more easily and demand more stridently. —D. COXE

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Notes & Asides

■ In the mail:

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am a sixteen-year-old High School Junior who is going, slowly but inexorably, out of his mind. I have come to the conclusion that you are the only person on the face of the earth who can save my sanity.

My problem, briefly, is this: for the past year I have been trying, without avail, to discover just what, in God's name, the phrase "to immanentize the eschaton" means.

I heard you speak the phrase once on "Firing Line" and immediately made a valiant attempt to look it up. Upon discovering that my dictionary did not list the words I instantly resolved to ask one of my teachers in the morning.

When I tried this course I drew another blank. I would ask a teacher the question, whereupon he would have me repeat it a dozen or so times and then plead ignorance. I would then be asked: "Where'd you hear it?" When I informed him that you had used it the night before he would generally give me a forlorn look, mumble something like, "Oh *him* eh?," and express his innermost convictions, i.e., that you had probably invented the words. I'm sure you'll be thrilled to know, Mr. Buckley, that I had faith in you. I *knew* you hadn't invented those words. And, sure enough, when I was reading your book *The Unmaking of a Mayor* I came across a passage which revealed a Mr. Eric Voegelin as the author of the phrase. Jubilant, I raced to our school library and asked the librarian for everything written by Mr. Voeglin. "Never heard of him," the woman answered. As I left, ruminating upon the intrinsic failings of the public schools, I encountered the teacher to whom I had put the original question. When I explained the matter to him he expressed the conviction that, not only did you make up the phrase, but that you also contrived Mr. Voegelin!

Now, Mr. Buckley, more than anything else in the world I would like to know what that phrase means. I really think you should tell me because: 1) I have watched every one of your TV shows and have read all of your newspaper columns ever since I first heard of you. And 2) I've read all of your books (save only the last one, *The Jeweler's Eye*, which, curse my parsimonious soul, costs a small fortune. I'll wait 'til it comes out in paperback). Also 3) I subscribe to the NATIONAL REVIEW and even *read* all of those silly renewal notices I keep getting.

If all this evidence of my fidelity isn't enough then I promise you that, if you somehow communicate to me the definition, I will upon receipt of it: a) instantly proceed to use it on any and all occasions and thereby spread your fame far and wide. (I make it generally known to my friends that you are the source of my more esoteric bits of verbiage) and b) I will renew my subscription to *NR* the very next notice I get (which will, no doubt, be Valentine's Day) instead of when the thing expires as is logical.

Furthermore I shall c) badger my school librarian until she finally breaks down and puts *NR* on the school subscription list. After all, if the school can subscribe to such egregious rags as the *Nation* and the *New Republic* they can at least give your fine journal equal time.

Thanking you for your time in reading this I remain

Sincerely yours,
/s/ Edward H. Vazquez
23 Pleasant Valley Road
Old Bridge, New Jersey

Dear Edward:

Eschaton means, roughly, the final things in the order of time; immanentize means, roughly, to cause to inhere in time. So that to immanentize the eschaton is to cause to inhere in the worldly experience and subject to human dominion that which is beyond time and therefore extra-worldly. To attempt such a thing is to deny transcendence: to deny God; to assume that utopia is for this world. All of these things Professor Voegelin draws out of the Gnostic heresy of yesteryear. His phrase, far from being a contrivance of mine, is so famous that buttons actually exist, one of which I am sending you pinned into a copy of *The Jeweler's Eye,* that bear the legend, "Don't let THEM immanentize the eschaton!" Tell your teachers they have a great deal to learn, not least the impeccable use of the English which you are manifestly equipped to teach them.

Yours,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Dear Mr. Buckley,

As a diversion from studying for a physics final, I was glancing through *The Jeweler's Eye* when I noticed, in the biographical section on the back of the dust jacket, that you have delivered, in round numbers, a total of one hundred million speeches. Assuming a total of fifty years of speaking, without weekends, holidays, or vacations, one would have exactly 18,250 days (this does not include leap years). Dividing 100,000,000 by 18,250, I calculate that you would have to make 5,475 speeches per day. Is the figure in the book a misprint, or perhaps the mischievous work of a typesetter at Putnam's?

Sincerely yours,
David L. Davies
San Bernardino, Calif.

Dear Mr. Davies:

No, no mistake. That's about the right figure. Some of the speeches, of course, were short. Regards, WFB

■ The Prophet of the Year Contest for 1969 will be published in the next issue. **—WFB**

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TWICE UPON A TIME, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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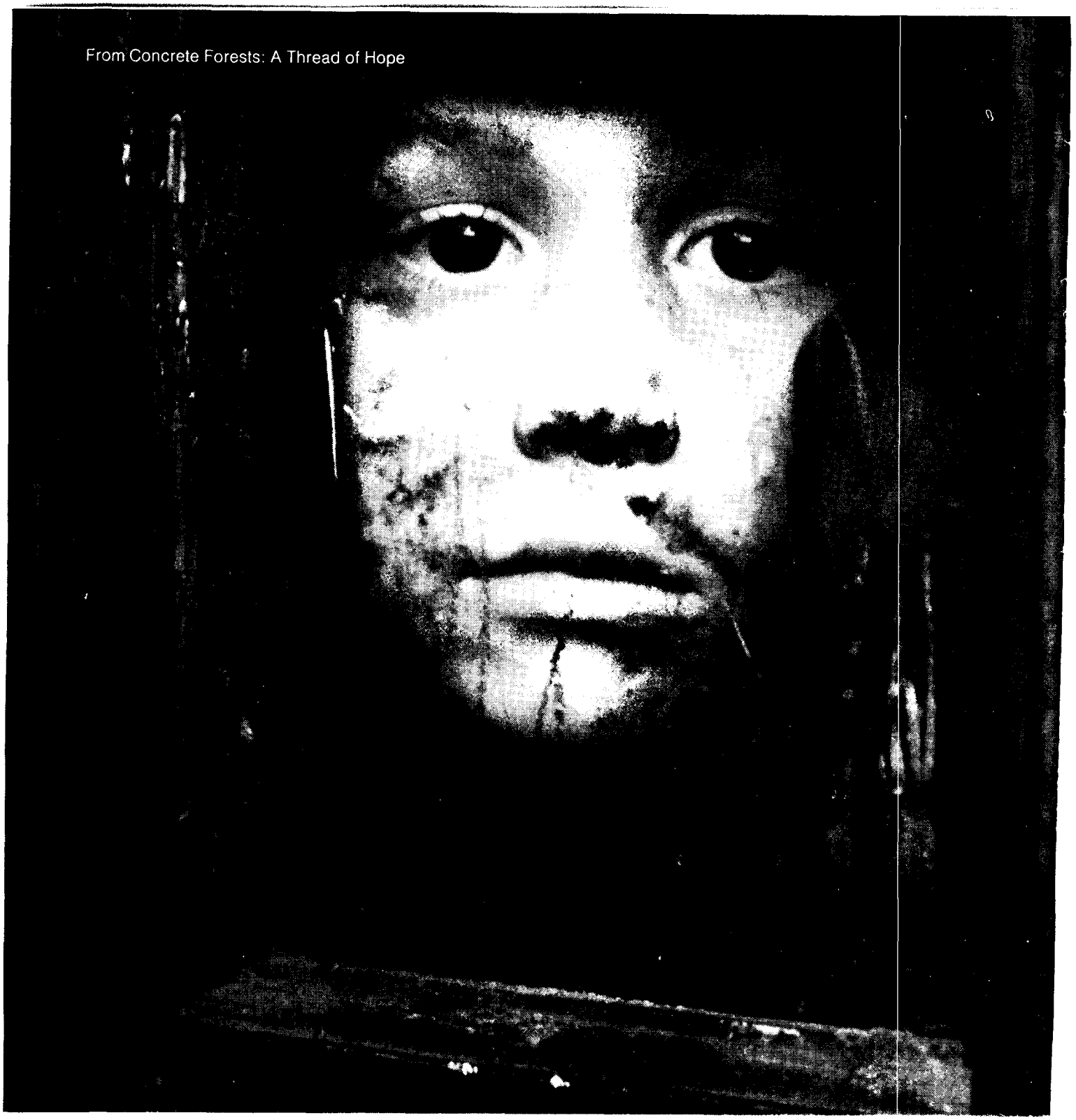

UNDER TODAY'S HEADLINE THERE'S A THREAD OF HOPE

It's called "Tomorrow."
It drifts in out of
the darkness
from somewhere
behind the sea.
Misty. Pale. Gray.
Cool.
Tomorrow
is a clean, unlived,
shimmering day.
It touches us.
We stir.
Black. White. Yellow.
In sleepy green villages.
Crowded ghettos.

By yellow grain.
Battlefields.
The day's history
begins. Words.
On paper!
We make paper out of
paper.
We wash yesterday's
history out of it.
The ink.
We beat out yesterday's
clay. And resins.
And fillers.
And binders.
A thread remains:
A clean, pure fiber born
long ago in a green
forest.
These fibers are

disciplined by age,
by use, by rebirth.
More obedient,
more stable
for having known
so many yesterdays.
You can burn and waste
yesterday's discarded
paper.
You can also waste
those who shaped its
headline.
The restless. Hopeless.
Hungry.
Tempest-tossed.
Better to wash, and
churn, and rearrange,
and restore,

and preserve,
and renew,
and purify
the fabric of our
culture.
The thread of hope.
Then some tomorrow
history may write
great, happy,
wonderful news.
We'll wash that out, too!
Tomorrow.
Tomorrow is washday!
Bergstrom Papers,
Neenah, Wisconsin

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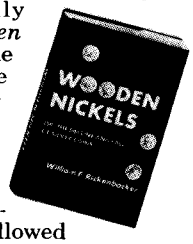

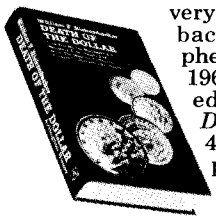

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LETTER FROM PARIS

The Twilight of de Gaulle

JAMES BURNHAM

PARIS—Hardened de Gaulle watchers shrugged their shoulders on reading the text of the "warm" and "cordial"—more accurately, fulsome—New Year's greetings exchanged by the Presidents of France and the United States. The eagerly publicized rapprochement between Washington and Paris looks to them, so far, like a one-way street, once again a product more of the American wish to be loved—and of faulty American intelligence estimates—than of any change in objective relations.

Of course there has been at least one significant change during the past year in the relation of the French to the American government. The financial crisis that followed the May events proved to de Gaulle that there were things he not only wanted but had to have from America. He has, moreover, been getting them: without prompt, massive American financial and economic help in 1968, France's crisis would have deepened into catastrophe. De Gaulle is making clear that, sweetened rhetoric apart, he intends to give nothing more than he has to. So far he has not been asked for anything; not even a preliminary bill has been submitted.

It is de Gaulle's custom to communicate to his countrymen each New Year's Eve a summary review of the concluded year. On this most recent occasion he could not avoid some reference to the events of May and June and to the monetary troubles. But at no point, with reference to them or to any other of the year's harvest, did he feel it necessary to admit any error, weakness or inadequacy in any of his own or his regime's policies.

In this review of the history of 1968 and its significance for France, de Gaulle made no reference, direct or indirect, none at all, to the invasion of Czechoslovakia. That was a non-event. Fortunately, because if it had actually happened, a responsible statesman would have been forced to modify his policy in its light. But since it did not happen in the Gaullist universe, de Gaulle was able to reiterate his policy toward Eastern Europe unchanged in jot or tittle. "In place of the cold war we must pursue a policy of détente and cooperation with Eastern Europe." "As for Messieurs Brezhnev and Kosygin," commented Raymond Aron wryly, "they won no mention in the distribution of good points and bad points that M. de Gaulle enjoys handing out when in his magisterial role."

As the first big diplomatic act of the new year, the Franco-Soviet "grande commission" began sessions in the *salon de l'Horloge* of the Foreign Office under the joint presidency of France's Foreign Minister and the vice-chairman of the Soviet presidium. This commission was created in June 1966, as one result of de Gaulle's trip to Moscow at that time. It expressed the euphoric policy then being so briskly projected: *"la détente, l'entente et la cooperation"; "l'Europe de l'Atlantique à l'Oural."* Though Foreign Minister Debré, at the height of popular indignation in September and October, had permitted himself a reference to the invasion as "a dark shadow over détente" and had suggested that only an immediate total withdrawal of Soviet troops could set things right, all such qualms were notably absent from the enthusiastic speeches from both delegations that opened this 1969 session. Enlarging Franco-Soviet cooperation in all fields, it was stressed, was not at all a mere matter of trade and material exchange, but even more a question of knowledge, culture, science and all the fruits of the spirit.

Beastly Baby

The turn of the year was also felt to be a propitious moment for the re-emergence of a symptomatic organism that had the misfortune of starting life last April, only to have its infant cries stifled first by the May-June events and then by the invasion.

Its name is "the Movement for the Independence of Europe." Its members, many of them well-known public or literary figures, include, besides the usual sort of innocents, what even *Le Monde* describes as "Communists, Left Christians [a category in France that specializes in cooperation with the Communists], pro-Communists, Gaullists, fellow travelers of the Communist Party and of Gaullism and even activists of the New Left." "The independence of Europe" means, as the movement's manifesto makes clear, hostility to America and close ties to the Soviet Union. The members seek, "despite the diversity of their ideologies, to bring an end to the economic, political and military imperialism of the United States and to initiate a progressive union of the peoples of Europe." This is, of course, simply a *progressiste* rewording of the Gaullist formulas, all of which find their place in the Manifesto: "liquidation of blocs," "ending the cold war," "promoting and sustaining, in Western Europe, all actions tending to counter American hegemony," "working to develop relations with Eastern Europe," etc.

On nearly all the critical foreign policy questions, Gaullist France and the Soviet Union pull, if not in the same harness, on a parallel course. This is as conspicuously true in the case of Vietnam, which has been the dominant question of the past several years, as in the case of the Middle East, which will probably be dominant in the year or two to come. De Gaulle's sabotage of NATO continues. The franc has let up in its war against the dollar not because of any rebirth of wisdom or generosity in de Gaulle but because it couldn't stand the heat.

It is hard for most Americans to believe the absoluteness of de Gaulle's anti-American policy. They know, many of them from personal acquaintance, that many Frenchmen—most of the military, most, probably, of the business and technical community, much of the general French public—do not agree with it. They observe that de Gaulle fought last year's election on a straight anti-Communist basis. Some Americans have noted that the reports of Raymond Marcellin, Minister of the Interior, on left-wing infiltration and subversion sound as if plagiarized from J. Edgar Hoover or even Joe McCarthy. How can so anti-Communist a regime have a pro-Soviet foreign policy? It may seem incredible, but it is so. In de Gaulle's rigidly compartmentalized French logic, there is no contradiction. In international affairs there are only the eternal nations, races, peoples. Ideologies are meaningless words lost in the whirlwinds of

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history. There is France and there is Russia, and at the present conjuncture as often before, France's interest lies in entente with Russia. So de Gaulle reasoned and still reasons, and his will in this is France's law. There is no likelihood that his view will change; and therefore no likelihood that France's essential foreign policy will change while de Gaulle still rules.

It has been widely stated in the United States that Mr. Nixon aims to make "reconciliation with France" a prompt, positive achievement of his Administration. If so, he will discover —one hopes sooner rather than later— that he pursues a will-o'-the-wisp. Genuine reconciliation with a Gaullist France is impossible; the most that can be done is to preserve formalities and prepare discreetly for post-de Gaulle reconciliations. Meanwhile, too much solicitude for improved relations with France can have the effect in practice only of worsening relations with several other of the European nations, in particular West Germany.

Cross About Shriver

Those members of France's American community who were for Nixon, and even most of the non-left Democrats, are very cross about Sargent Shriver's being carried over as ambassador. They think that Shriver is bad news clear across the page. They insist that he has proved himself a) incompetent as a diplomatic representative, and b) shockingly partisan and factional. He has exploited his post in the interest not merely of the Democratic Party (as he and Pierre Salinger did notoriously in the election campaign) but of the Kennedy gang.

Of course he, Eunice and the children get piles of the usual Kennedy-publicity in the French press. (This morning as I write, *Le Figaro* features a standard Kennedy-picture of Eunice and the five kiddies on the ski slope at Courchevel, noting that M. Shriver had had to return to Paris to present his New Year's greeting at the Elysée.) Eunice gives the ritual Kennedy speeches at the opening of orphanages as her husband hops about the provinces praising youth, labor and dreams, and confessing the sins of America. It all no doubt makes an impressive pile of clippings, but, as the French say, Sargent Shriver is not *un homme sérieux*—nor one, it should be added, from whom President Nixon can expect to get objective and intelligent reports on this difficult, subtle country.

Even if it was to be a Democrat in Paris, for harmony's sake, it should have been someone more relevant than Shriver, the local Republicans say, and the non-left Democrats do not disagree. Those here who worked actively for Nixon feel personally cheated.

Sitting over coffee after lunch, in his salon overlooking one of those superb enclave-gardens that here and there hide themselves behind the solid street façades, a member of a very old French family who is also a financier and entrepreneur said:

"The economic situation is in itself really not so bad. France has great resources of wealth, private as well as official. The wage jump following the *evénements* was 13½ per cent. A few years ago there was a 14 per cent jump in the Netherlands and an 18 per cent jump in Italy. Both compensated within a year, without serious monetary dislocation, by increased productivity.

"No, the fundamental trouble that may lead to a blowup is psychological and moral, deeper than economic. Our workers, peasants, petty bourgeois, many of our students—not to speak of our intellectuals, for rather different reasons—do not want to do what

would have to be done to increase productivity at the required rate this year, and for the years to come. They cling to at least some of the forms and meanings of life that they have known for centuries. They resist the change of the whole mode of life which, as Servan-Schreiber has correctly pointed out, would still have to come if France is to enter wholeheartedly and effectively into mass, automated, technologized civilization.

"Take a homely example. We have three hundred construction workers in our project in the mountains. There are no facilities except our own. It seemed to us sensible to institute self-service meals. The cost was much lower; we could offer the workers a choice of several hot dishes; less time would be squandered, so they could end the work-day earlier. But we soon had to abandon the self-service plan. The workers wanted their mid-day meal in the old way!—sitting down at a table; a woman—a waitress if not a wife—serving them their food; plenty of time for finishing the wine and for talking. They are willing to sacrifice a certain amount of 'improvement in standard of living' to preserve the pattern of those meals.

"In one perspective de Gaulle is expressing the nation's resistance to abandoning all the old meanings and values in order to enter the cosmopolitan technologized world. And from this point of view one must approve de Gaulle and be grateful to him, for though in the end such changes are part of unavoidable destiny—Luddism can never be victorious—it is at the same time very wrong to desert the old ways utterly, to betray them."

Disarmament Talk

My last afternoon here, I mentioned to two old, wise Parisian friends some of the comments on Gaullist policy that I wrote earlier in this dispatch. One of them interrupted me with voice and finger:

"So de Gaulle did nothing about the Czech invasion? What more, pray, did your country, most powerful in the world and in all history, do? De Gaulle quickly stops mentioning Czechoslovakia, and continues with plans for détente, coexistence, trade with Eastern Europe? And your President and President-to-be? Have they renounced the nuclear treaty and the concept of coexistence? Have they not already signed up for new cultural exchanges with the Soviet Union itself? Does not Nixon, exactly like Johnson, keep talking about more disarmament talks, "enlarged areas of mutual understanding," etc. How can an American criticize de Gaulle's softness toward Moscow?"

I did not discover a convincing answer. □

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ABOUT CONFORMITY

The author, from New Zealand, the first social welfare state, argues that welfarism is technological, not ideological, and that those who predicted that conformity goes hand and hand with Big Brotherhood are wrong

Big Brother Is Dead Too

KENNETH MELVIN

LORD JEBB wrote a book a year or so ago to remind us that we are now past the half-way mark to Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Aldous Huxley's *The Island* gave us his private idea of hell ahead in a society reduced to mindless conformity by subliminal coercions. Nobody need doubt that the ambient air throbs constantly with suggestion and chilling menace; but where it might have seemed prophetic in the Fifties and perhaps even in the early Sixties we have become bored with the Cassandras. In a state of constant if undeclared warfare we have supped too full of horrors: tales of terror are over-told. We are now resistant. The whole idea was wrong-headed from the start and for unsuspected reasons. We see now that the myth of Circe's swine can be enacted without Big Brother, without any vast and villainous conspiracy against the person. It was a mistake to think that men have to be terrorized into obedience in an affluent society.

Hindsight enables us to see what misled the prophets of an early doom. After the Second World War, which was to reassert individualism and personal freedom after the long night of totalitarianism, the millennium was delayed somewhat. The real reason was that the age of individualism had gone beyond recall, and its going had to do with technology, not ideology. Let men believe what they will; technological dynamism will bring them to heel. Industrialization and urbanization will complete the rout of twentieth-century militarism. It is the collective solution of social and economic disorder which yields the dividends collective security, collective prosperity, collective conformity; the sequence is inevitable because of the comfort it brings. Wicked men do not have to arrange matters; it is the logic of our age. The planned economy, the welfare society, the benevolent bureaucracy—this is the structure, and it is all so far from needing some infernal Big Brother to manipulate it, demonstrably so very far from being an evil machination that it *is* positively benevolent toward the masses depicted as its victims. It makes a purple passage to decry conformism and denounce *anomie*; but from the campus up (or down) to the Senate the battle cry of freedom is so much fustian. It does not fit the facts of the provident society and the kind of supportive commitment which is indispensable for its maintenance.

Enter Conformism

We have lived through the end of ideology. The welfare society is not a doctrinaire creation of either the political Left or Right; it just had to happen under the economics of surplus. It took its rise in the post-Depression years, and by the end of the Thirties, New Zealand had enacted the prototype social service state of the western world. The United States embarked upon it under Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal, but being the United States it never regarded that Administration as more than a temporary receiver. With returning prosperity welfarism was shelved, and only in the Sixties is the logic of events compelling America to resume the pattern of collective responsibility for human need. The pattern of welfarism has had varied applications in Sweden, Great Britain, and Holland; but the common denominator is its bipartisan acceptance everywhere. Any differences between the political parties tend to be the little more or the little less. Repudiation of the provident society spells political hara-kiri. The ideologue is strictly for the museum. In demanding individual liberty in any other terms than those of collective responsibility, the "with-it" generation is just not with it at all.

If welfarism is to operate it requires pervasive bureaucracy and conformity for the effective discharge of its ever-widening tasks. This is where Orwell et al. missed the point. They believed that human nature is intrinsically individualistic, and that men would therefore resent and rebel against conformism in even its benign forms. The stubborn fact is that mankind has an inveterate mass-disposition to prefer the comfort of security to the loneliness of self-sufficiency. The bureaucratic state suits most men for most of the time. The protest of today's youth reflects ignorance of their actual and inescapable dependence as substantial beneficiaries of the society they affect to despise. University students in particular and in the main have yet to give their hostages to fortune—children to be cared for and a job to be kept. Those two great stabilizers will teach them the facts of life from which the campus largely protects them. At that stage they will need no Big Brother to subdue them: they will become voluntarily part of that great panjandrum. Nor is social man any less significant than the solitary man youth seems so to admire. Both have a legitimate role; the myth of the "either/or" was played out some time ago.

This compliance of social man has long been observed, though the first consequential books about it seem to date only from the mid-nineteenth century. Tocqueville's classic study of democracy in America explained this phenomenon with clarity. In briefest summation his exposition is that with the overthrow of aristocracy in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries came the end of federations of lordships and franchises. Society tended

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now to become a mass of individuals, theoretically equal before the law and in the ballot box, enjoying a new freedom for which they had neither training nor taste. Into the power vacuum thus artificially created in the democracies, grew the modern state, affecting to act in the interests of all and exacting, in return, reasonable obedience by all. Conformism entered, therefore, as a concomitant of leveling society. The timeless problem of freedom and order was to be resolved in the balancing scales of social justice. Economic security, political liberty, process of law, protection of person and property, systems of communication and transport, health and social services—even statutory leisure, guaranteed wages, and the sponsorship of the arts—all these provisions have flourished far beyond Tocqueville's notions of democracy. How could public education—chief of the social services—manage without the capacious public purse? How could any of this collective provision operate without bureaucracy?

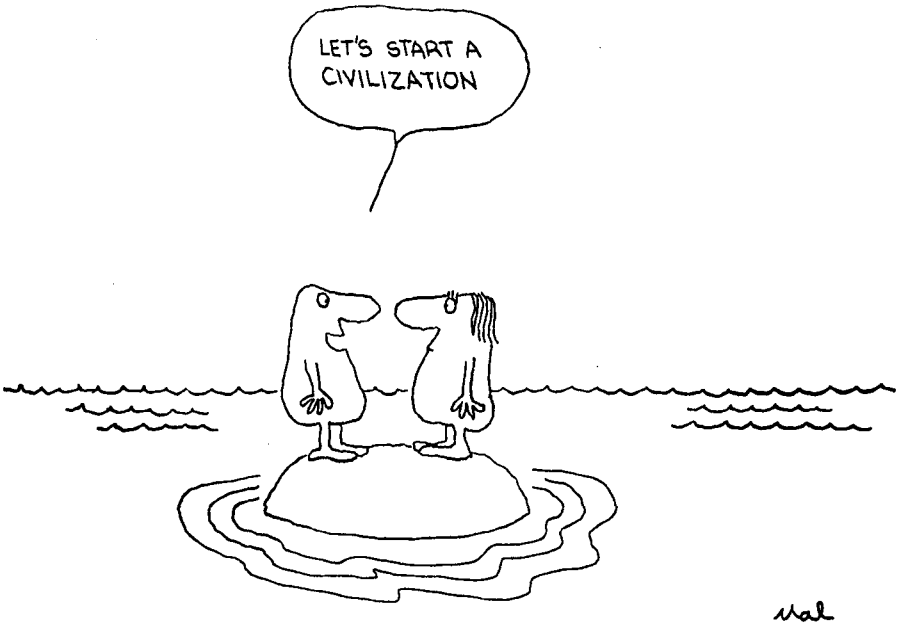
The Writ of Bureaucracy

Nor is this machinery a sinister invention of some Big Brother. The absolutist states of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries formed major bureaucracies; clerks and inspectors, taxgathers and law-enforcement agents so multiplied that Hobbes was scared out of his wits by Leviathan. Since then, parliaments have moderated monarchies in the public interest without being able to dispense with the growing machinery of government. Rousseau declared cynically in his time that the English people had a voice only during elections; in between, bureaucracy took over, to be disciplined only when its growth was too rank or the central power became too predatory. Nor have communized societies been spectacularly successful in enlarging individual freedom against collective responsibility. So it is clear that nobody had to invent bureaucracy as a criminal conspiracy. It grew because it was inescapable in the kind of society most men want—the provident kind no less than the exploitative. From absolutism, through representative government to the social service state runs the writ of bureaucracy as the instrument of social order. The manifest danger, of course, lies in too much of a good thing. Where social controls cease to be imposed by autocrats and are devised and directed by the popular will, collective solutions of personal need can assume a sanctity they do not necessarily possess. *Vox populi* never has been *vox dei*. But this is not the point, which is rather that social man must come to terms with social power and social efficiency—and pay due price in social conformity. What modern man cannot do is to have the fruits of collective provision without the entail of collective solidarity.

This would all be but a tedious exposition of the obvious were it not for the fact that the half of the American people under the age of 28 is only partially persuaded of it, and the quarter of the nation under the age of 25 and still being educated is not persuaded of it all. This may prove to have been the central issue of the Sixties. The cooperative commonwealth—the redistributive society—the social service state—has been a signal triumph of social engineering, applied technology, political acumen, and responsible citizenship. But to hear it told on the university campus—even by renegade "visiting scholars" who should know better—the only life worth living is that of completely dissident individualism. On this sick thinking, the examined life can only be one of total social repudiation and the escape into bizarre minorities of atomized eccentricity. Here alone may be found personal authenticity and existential integrity. Yet it is this sector of the nation—university youth—which is the chief beneficiary of the sustaining society. Whatever fees it may pay for tuition and/or board and lodging are fractions of the actual cost being borne by either the taxpayer or philanthropy or both together. The direct annual cost per student of American higher education stands currently at about $1,300, quite apart from the costs of research and auxiliary items. Over $1 billion per year are spent on educational technology, and publishers in the U.S. issue some 400 technical and educational books and 3,500 articles per week. A higher proportion of young Americans proceed to a college or university education than in any other country, backed by the unique resources of the great philanthropic foundations. As a result of all this, the graduate may expect to earn, on the average, $180,000 more during a working life than the average individual with only a high school diploma.

Scandalous Swindle

In the antic indignation of campus protest, however, higher education is described as a scandalous swindle, the luckless student as an exploitee, and the faculty as shameless players of an academic numbers racket. The older generation, willing provider of educational opportunities that never came its own way, is neither edified nor amused. Having grown bored with its advocacy of external causes such as civil rights and antiwar sit-ins, the authentic student-style is now to be had in psychedelic adventures, *The Harrad Experiment*, riots about parietal rules, something gracefully called "the bitch-in," and any new version of the tired alienation theme. Everywhere there is an aching longing for a successor to those profound insights called "Grooks" wherein students found



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a spokesman for their ennui in such lines as "I'd like to know/what this whole show/is all about/before it's out." The academic death-wish reached its apogee at Berkeley, but campus defiance as a way of university life occurs clear across the nation, is endemic, and predictably as bizarre as perverse ingenuity can make it. Nobody bothers about the peccadilloes of students until they become victims of their own propaganda. At that point student leaders become a social nuisance in their own constituency and place higher education at risk of having the tune called by the piper who pays. If the beleaguered American people, forced to cut back anti-poverty programs in order to sustain an unwanted war, should curtail educational appropriations at university levels on the ground of irresponsible student leadership there would be a rough justice and a tough logic about it.

Intelligent Accommodation

Over against the Orwellian theme of man as naturally individualistic and intolerably coerced by society ought to be set Thomas Mann's precautionary tale *Dr. Faustus*. Therein, the hero demands and gets absolute freedom, enjoys a staggering series of intellectual and aesthetic adventures, and ends by plunging into insanity. Most of us would find absolute liberty insupportable, including the student gauleiters whose slogan is "Trust no one over thirty." It is the ugliness of this senseless repudiation of that senior half which is the provident half of the nation which denies rebel youth more sympathetic hearing of its legitimate grievances. It is the inalienable right of students to make fools of themselves, but not by inept leadership to make fools of the whole university membership—student body and faculty alike. Universities are places where men think differently, and it did not remain for this raw generation of students to invent protest in order to save the soul of academe. Equality of opportunity, which turns out to be equality of educational opportunity, may be impossible in any absolute sense. But the United States has achieved its close approximation by a triumph of collective responsibility.

Orwell and Aldous Huxley and the whole heavenly host of existentialist thinkers hold that the price of security —political, social and economic security—is too high. It is an equally cogent case that the price of the old order of anarchy was higher still. Whether one regards welfarism altruistically as social justice or cynically as insurance against revolution, it yields by far the better deal for all. Rebellion against social controls, bureaucracy, and collective planning is no more than a vote for anarchy. It is at least arguable that integrity lies less with the denunciator, the agitator, the rebel, the misanthrope, the pilgrim or the anchorite than with the involved intelligence bent upon the improvement rather than the repudiation of collective compromises. The American society, close to anarchy at home and abroad, stands divided because it will not face the facts of social power and efficiency in the technological age for which it is so largely responsible. America presents itself to the European observer as pursuing freedom and order in unrelation as though there is little recognition of necessity.

On this view, there is no need to terrorize or hypnotize society into conformity by the control mechanisms of some great conspiracy. *Conformity is necessity*. The degree of conformity will always be the test of intelligence; and mindless movements, whether of conformity or disaffiliation, of Left or Right, of youth or maturity, of Watts or Berkeley, fail of that test. These splinter drives cohere because individual man no longer means anything or can find meaning in anything: it is social man that counts. The crucial point is that social man can be mindful or mindless, and it is identification with the human situation—not rejection of it—that makes man mindful and society meaningful. Where there are no penalties upon opinion there can be no premium upon protest. The most rabid denouncers of community, whether students or black powerites, Birchers or Communists, draw followers not because they are moved by compassion *for* their fellows, not because they are alienated, but *because they have alienated themselves from* their fellows.

It is not accidental that in some parts of the world psychiatrists are called alienists; or that the socially estranged reveal so many features of the disordered mind. It is to Karen Horney that we owe this perception; that the ideal of self-fulfillment becomes a cult when it is withdrawn from social context. This is not to say life should be merely passive accommodation; it is to say the opposite, namely, that life should be intelligent accommodation. □

Dandruff Is a Hard Thing to Get Rid Of

Once upon a time there was an assistant pharmacist in Soda Jerk Falls, Minn.,
Who invented a shampoo for keeping what little hair one has left on one's head in.
He had worked all day sweeping the store, running errands, and keeping the lunch counter in syrup,
And now that the store was closed, he was feverishly mixing materials in the cellar hoping this would help him chyrup.
First he threw some ice cream in, like chocolate and vanilla,
A teaspoon of iodine, a dash of "sasparilla,"
A little bit of oily stuff that pushes back the cuticle,
Some vitamins and aspirin, to make it pharmaceutical.
His theory was if he combined the elements I mentioned,
In just the right proportion in an alcohol suspension,
For rubbing in the scalp each day with motions to and fro,
The dandruff would demoralize and just get up and go.
But the Pharmacist-in-Charge, the cad, he caught him in the cellar,
And made him take the aspirin out and cut the saspirellar,
And stick in chili sauce, instead, which made the mixture hot,
And turned the lovely lotion into Pedernales rot.
But genius doesn't fade away, nor just accept defeat—
It opens up a pharmacy. Where? Right across the street.
And puts the "saspirilla" back, but has to keep the chili,
For guess who holds the mortgage? So it's chili, willy nilly.
And what's your problem, Sufferer? Is it dandruff? Maybe sex?
I'm man's best friend, your pharmacist. My lotion's your Rx. —JOHANNES EFF

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LETTER FROM BRISBANE

What are America's intentions in the Far East? The bombing halt and other indications that the U.S. may stage its own pullout from East of Suez are being anxiously watched in Canberra and Wellington

Australia Looks to Nixon

JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF

BRISBANE—"If there is one thing Australians should know about the election of a President it is that Australia's interests are as far from any American politician's mind as the weather in Kurdistan," one commentator wrote in the *Australian*, the country's chief foreign news daily, shortly before the November elections. The comment is a fair indication of the aggrieved feeling of neglect and indeed of the general uncertainty about future relations with the U.S. evident in Australia since Lyndon Johnson's decision last March 31 not to seek re-election and to reduce the bombing of North Vietnam ("A little short of stabbing in the back," the noted columnist Alan Ramsey termed it). The late Australian premier Harold Holt's "All the Way with LBJ" has begun to haunt Canberra, and as the fluttering in the Vietnik dovecotes—particularly and inevitably concentrated in Australia's universities—reaches a new crescendo, Holt's successor as premier, John Gorton, has embarked on a long-term "defense review" that frequently seems to be moving in a semi-isolationist, "fortress Australia" direction.

More is involved in this review than just Australia. Along with Britain's presumably accelerating military withdrawal East of Suez any significant further Australian-New Zealand military commitment to Malaysia and Singapore, for example, has now also become more doubtful, as is Australia's general readiness to contribute to a new regional collective security system in Southeast Asia and the South Pacific. Such Australian contributions, despite a population of twelve million, have not been negligible: Australian forces in Vietnam alone, for example, rose from thirty Army instructors in

1962, to 8,100 combat troops in 1968 (about 10 per cent of Australia's standing army), with a corresponding cost of $73,000 (Australian dollars) in 1963 to A$76.3 million in 1968. The foreign exchange costs to Australia of defense, including the Vietnam war, the past year are between A$350 to A$400 million, "a formidable drain," as the *Australian Financial Review* has put it, particularly because it involves purchases which add little or nothing to Australia's production capacity or ability to earn foreign exchange.

With Richard Nixon's election Australian discussion of the defense review has, from time to time, focused on the new President's campaign proposal that regional pacts be developed in Asia, backed by the U.S., and on his warning that America would not unilaterally fight Asia's wars in the future. Australian reaction to all this has been as negative as its reaction to the suggestion of outgoing Defense Secretary Clark Clifford late last September that Australia join India and Japan in developing Asian regional security ("a pipe dream," the *Sydney Morning Herald* called it). Australian critics have pointed out that the Southeast Asian countries are either too divided (e.g. there is the highly combustible Philippine-Malaysian squabble over Sabah), or generally too determinedly "anti-bloc" in orientation (e.g. Burma or Cambodia). Australian and most Asian leaders too have repeatedly demonstrated in recent weeks their reluctance to see such young and fragile regional organizations as ASEAN (the Association of Southeast Asian Nations) or ASPAC (Asian Pacific Council), which are wholly economic in character, turn into military pacts.

Other Australians have questioned the value of any regional pact designed to maintain the Southeast Asian balance of power without any assured nuclear strike capacity to meet China's. "Does Mr. Nixon want us to go nuclear?" one leading Australian news analyst queried (Australia still has not signed the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, pending "clarifications"). Still others have pointed to India's evident unwillingness to stand up to China; in addition on November 2, 1968, India's External

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Affairs Minister, B. R. Bhagat, said in New Delhi that a defensive alliance between India, Australia and Japan is "totally out of the question." Finally, fears of Japan have by no means died: "Do we really want a militarized Japan leading Asian defense?" one New Zealand defense official asked recently, answering his own question with "I think there are other alternatives."

Uncertain of Nixon

It is the new Nixon Administration that will be looked to for these alternatives. Of Mr. Nixon's personal popularity in Australia there is little question. A Gallup poll showed that among Australians with an opinion on the election Nixon was favored by 52 per cent (Humphrey 44 per cent and Wallace 4 per cent). But uncertainty about Nixon's Asian-Pacific policies is heightened by frequent Australian press comments that he is more Europe- than Asia-oriented, and that some kind of "retractionist," if not neo-isolationist, American strategy is likely to be developed. These fears bespeak two basic Australian defense and foreign policy preoccupations which Australian commentators sometimes refer to as the "Kokoda and Lafayette syndromes."

The nearly successful Japanese thrust along the Kokoda trail to Port Moresby in East New Guinea during World War II confirmed for Australians the strategic principle that their defenses ought not to lie somewhere in the Solomons, but well beyond them, in a system of regional security backed by bilateral or preferably multilateral alliances. In 1951 Australia and New Zealand concluded the ANZUS (Pacific Security) pact with the U.S., providing for mutual consultation and appropriate common action in the event of attack on any signatory. ANZUS has remained to this day the cornerstone of Australian defense thinking, which even the opposition Australian Labor Party (ALP) would not wish to abandon. In the late Forties joint British, Australian and New Zealand coordination was taking place at the service level for common defense of the Singapore-Malaysia area, an expanding arrangement eventually known as ANZAM.

Then, in the Fifties and early Sixties, Malaysia-Singapore, threatened by domestic Communist guerrillas and later by the Peking-Jakarta axis' "confrontation," saw a steadily growing Australian and New Zealand military force on its soil. Organized along with British troops in a still-existing "Commonwealth Strategic Reserve" this force, together with its air and naval units, numbered at one time some 50,000 men. Though greatly reduced today, the Reserve is slated to remain at least until the end of 1971. Australian adhesion to the Anglo-Malayan (later Malaysian) defense treaty of 1957, Australian membership as of 1954 in SEATO, and regular joint ANZUS and British consultations and military maneuvers in the Pacific, all have seemed to render Australian commitment to what is known in Canberra as "forward defense" (and—concurrently—to the "Kokoda syndrome") firm and unquestionable.

Equally important has been the "Lafayette syndrome." To Australians America's historic concern for France's fortunes has been conditioned by the aid rendered American revolutionaries by Lafayette and his troops.

In both "syndromes," however, support from a superior ally is crucial. Britain's January 1968 decision to withdraw all her Far Eastern and Persian Gulf forces by the end of 1971, along with growing Australian suspicion of a new American "retractionism" in Asia after Vietnam, has called accepted Australian strategic principles into question. An independent Australian ground force, for example, or even an air or naval presence in Malaysia-Singapore —though strongly sought by the latter —is being regarded as unwise. And, in light of what the *Brisbane Courier-Mail* keeps calling the "get out of Asia tendency of America," Australians are wondering if even the ANZUS rock will not crumble. In a real emergency Anglo-American help is still expected, but the mild trauma of long-term defense readjustment remains. With her vast land area, her strategically commanding position of the Indian Ocean, Antarctic and South Pacific sea lands, her attraction for American investors (about $300 million a year!), and her historic commitment to U.S. military and foreign policies, Australia's current defense debate and its especially ominous isolationist and "neutralist" overtones should be of more importance to Americans than "the weather in Kurdistan."

The debate has crystallized around three alternative defense postures.

1. First there is the "fortress Australia" idea, whose adherents are found in the ruling Liberal Party, and, strangely, among Communists and some bitter anti-Communists alike. Especially in his early months in office, Prime Minister Gorton was often considered to be in this camp, and though his trip to the U.S. and conversations with both LBJ and Nixon in May 1968 reassured him somewhat, fortress Australia appeals occasionally run through his speeches. As the term implies, the fortress Australia concept involves disengagement from Southeast Asian military involvements and a greater concentration on home defense.

Among the small, but growing Democratic Labor Party (DLP), whose four senate seats are crucial to Gorton's ruling Liberal-Country party coalition, home defense has top priority. The DLP's position is, in fact, a case study of how American wavering loses determined anti-Communist friends abroad and encourages neutralism. The DLP was born in the Fifties after a break with its parent body, the Australian Labor Party, over the issue of accommodating Communists in trade unions. Strongly anti-Communist, the DLP was originally among the staunchest supporters of "forward defense" and the Dulles mutual security concept, and it welcomed the U.S. bombing of North Vietnam. But Kennedy's appeasement of Sukarno, and Johnson's "gradualism" in Vietnam, turned this support into open skepticism. Last September the DLP urged a new 100,000-man army (up 20,000 over present strength), an independent nuclear defense capacity, and a new "Indian Ocean Command," including new West Australian defense installations, to meet an anticipated Soviet naval threat. In the powerful overseas veterans organization, the Returned Services League, there has been strong approval of the DLP's "We must be prepared to act on our own if necessary" line, and DLP influence on Gorton is also acknowledged to be growing.

'Activist' Regionalism

Disengagement and "home defense" only—indeed even unarmed neutrality —are ideas met with in the fellow-traveling Australian Labor Party's left wing, and among the small (5,000 official members) but influential Australian Communist Party. Eric Aarons, the Communist Party's propaganda chief and theoretician, told me that the "only danger" to Australia comes from its own "provocative" alliance with the U.S. A small but noisy claque of Aus-

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tralian academic specialists on Asian affairs also echoes this sentiment.

2. The second defense and foreign policy alternative is the "activist" regionalism associated with External Affairs Minister Paul Hasluck and Defense Minister Alan Fairhall, perhaps the ablest men in Australian public life today. Hasluck's "realism" is based on a fundamental belief in an unrelenting world struggle between Communism and its opponents, focused in Asia on the necessity of containing Red China. In this struggle small or thinly populated nations must choose sides, and—given Britain's weakness—Australia must continue to choose the U.S. Close involvement in Southeast Asia's defense and development problems is indispensable for Australia: "We have a position of greater influence in the area than any other country," Hasluck said recently. "Asian foreign ministers are constantly seeking to ascertain the Australian viewpoint and are influenced by our policy." For Fairhall there can be no backing away from the kind of threat which Southeast Asia faces today: "The wars we are likely to be involved in, in future," he said last October, "are very likely to be wars of national liberation of the type in which we are now engaged in Vietnam." In the Hasluck-Fairhall view Thailand and Laos should also be able to count on active Australian help if this becomes necessary.

'Sleeping Partner Technique'

Neither his scholarly aloofness, nor his tough-minded insistence that his critics present no real policy alternatives, has made Hasluck a very popular figure, however, and especially in the Australian Labor Party he is considered much "too hawkish," "too pro-American," "too little interested in Asia's human needs," etc. It is noteworthy, however, that E. G. Whitlam, Labor's parliamentary leader, and all but the left wing of his party, are committed to some kind of Australian regional involvement and to the maintenance of ANZUS. The former would not include, however, an Australian ground force stationed in Malaysia-Singapore or an Australian contingent in Vietnam. Labor's "regionalism" would at best consist of some economic defense support, perhaps, and technical assistance, granted amidst continuing appeals to the virtues of "neutralism."

3. The third alternative would try to have the best of the previous two. The noted Australian commentator Robert Duffield calls it the "sleeping partner technique." It would involve close economic and some political cooperation, but "we would be a sleeper when it comes to direct military involvement in internecine Asian strife." In other words, as some critics have put it, Australia "would do a Nixon": be concerned *with*, but not militarily *of* Asia, except in an extremity. A more militant variant of this approach would be what some Australians call a "Gaullist Australia," i.e. striking out independently in the international arena and seeking closer rapport with the Communist bloc, especially Peking. This approach would, however, greatly endanger the future of the ANZUS treaty and hence would be unacceptable to most Australians. As for the sleeping partner tactic, it obviously runs directly counter to the active, regional collective security role which the U.S. wishes Australia to play after Vietnam and the British withdrawal from the Far East. Even so, the sleeping partner idea would at this point at least seem to have some attraction for Prime Minister Gorton. For whatever the contrary views of Fairhall and Hasluck, Gorton continues, for example, to be reluctant to commit Australian forces in Malaysia-Singapore after 1971, unless there are explicit American guarantees of an American military back-up in the area.

Gorton and much of his party's rank and file, it should be stressed, are not doves, they're just cautious; and something of the skepticism about America's staying power that pervades the DLP has caught them too. Some hard bargaining (Australians are perturbed about U.S. meat and wool import and foreign capital investment restrictions), and skilled U.S. leadership could probably quite readily persuade the Gorton government that an "activist" regionalism is in its best interest after all. In this the Nixon Administration can count on Gorton's personal liking for the new President: "Like the rest of his government, Mr. Gorton could barely conceal his contempt for the circumstances of the LBJ decision to stop bombing North Vietnam," Alan Ramsey reported in the *Australian*, and Gorton greeted the news of Nixon's election with vastly greater enthusiasm than the news of the bombing halt. But clearly, America's *bona fides*, even for such a staunch ally as Australia, now needs to be strengthened.

Another factor, and one that carries more weight in the Australian establishment, is the uncertainty that Britain will actually "withdraw" East of Suez after 1971. Not just Hong Kong and Fiji, which were already specifically exempt from the "withdrawal" decision and which will keep small contingents, but now the oil-rich Sultanate of Brunei, wedged in between two portions of Malaysia on the island of Borneo and enjoying formal status as a British protectorate, is also likely to retain a British-supplied and -officered force. This force, to be paid for by Brunei, is needed not least to secure the new jet airport, to be the largest in Asia, scheduled for completion in Brunei Town by 1971.

Need for New Initiatives

In December 1966, Britain and the U.S. concluded a hush-hush fifty-year agreement providing for joint or individual construction of military facilities on the British-owned Aldabra and Diego Garcia islands in the Indian Ocean. Britain is also likely to retain her military staging facility on the island of Gan in the Maldives. Moreover, Britain's and Australia's obligation under the 1957 Anglo-Malayan defense treaty to come to Malaysia's aid in event of attack will remain after the physical British military withdrawal from Malaysia in 1971. Finally, the promises of Britain's Conservative Party to "restore" Britain's military position East of Suez, and of forging a new defense partnership with Australia as well as New Zealand and Malaysia-Singapore, have acquired increasing significance with each drop in the Wilson government's popularity, and with the likelihood of general elections in Britain before 1971.

Under the circumstances, the Gorton government is now being pulled by the hope that a British military umbrella, if of a different style, will continue to be available, and that hence Australia can afford to reduce her "forward" interests in Asia. Secure in the knowledge that she has friends, Australia—and, with her South Pacific dependencies no less than Malaysia, Singapore, or even Thailand—must yet agonize how soon her friends would actually come to her assistance should the need arise, or how far their aid would go. Perhaps not since the days of the Korean War has there been such a need for new U.S. initiatives and coordination in Asian and Pacific defense. □

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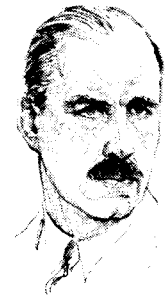
ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

NO QUICK PEACE IN VIETNAM



LETTER FROM VIETNAM

Recently, a friend of mine who has an exporting business in Dalaat, Vietnam, opened a typist's drawer while looking for a missing manuscript and found there, to his amazement, a picture of Ho Chi Minh. When the girl returned he berated her for her secret Communist affiliations. "This is outrageous," he told her. "Your uncle was killed by the Vietcong, your fiancé wounded and one of your cousins abducted by them, and now you side with the enemy!" "But I am not a Communist," she cried practically in tears. "Still, you sympathize with them!" he said. "Why else, would you keep a picture of Ho?" "Because," she sobbed, "he is such a beau-u-utiful man! We girls all love him." And, no doubt, this was probably true because sex is different in Asia. A dapper young officer with a little mustache like Nguyen Cao Ky makes no impression; but an old man with a thin white beard —ah, then every young woman's heart beats faster. . . .

Certainly, in a country where such basic responses differ radically from our own, political thinking (insofar as it exists) also follows a different pattern. The peace efforts of the Johnson Administration, a desperate last-minute attempt to score at the green table in Paris, thereby swelling the vote for HHH, were doomed to failure from even a Western point of view. Obviously, the greater a potential buyer's manifest eagerness, the greater the pressure used on him and the tougher the selling price.

In the present case, there are several reasons for the disappointment of the American Government. First of all, the situation is complex. The Saigon government cannot easily be bypassed without appearing to be a Quisling regime, the elongated arm of the U.S.A. (which, although there are people in Washington who would like to treat it as such, it most certainly is not). And, finally, there are the millions living in South Vietnam who, in one way or another, have collaborated with the United States and/or her allies. If betrayed, many of them would face certain death. It should be evident that both the United States and the South Vietnamese governments have a moral obligation toward these "collaborators" and toward the million or more refugees from North Vietnam who form the backbone of the anti-Communist resistance in South Vietnam. These refugees represent the tougher racial strains, are mostly Christians and have lost all their possessions in the North.

It is in Russia's interest to nail down the Americans in Southeast Asia and thus have a freer hand in Europe and the Middle East. As a matter of fact, a great deal of European criticism of the American engagement in Vietnam stems from the fear that, in an emergency, America might not come to the aid of Europe. Ho Chi Minh, in turn, knows that with the curtailment of the bombing the American army is fighting with one arm tied behind its back. It will take South Vietnam another two or three years to develop a genuine army and not just counter-guerrilla units. True, partisans can be mobilized more or less at the drop of a hat, but an army with an esprit de corps takes half a generation to organize (vide Korea *now*).

Fear of this solidifying process prompted Ho (and Ngo Nguyen Giap in 1967 and 1968) to start their suicidal Tet offensive which proved to be politically calamitous since the response in the "liberated" cities and villages was nil.

Right now, Ho has only two hopes; either that a war breaks out in Europe (which seems unlikely) or that the American public, like the French in the 1950s, tires of battle and loses its will to fight. Patience is a great Asian virtue and impatience an American vice. The present phase of American masochism will not last forever and though the liberal intellectuals and their academic following may indulge in self-denigration—a vice of intellectuals almost everywhere—the common man remains more aggressive, and determined. The recent elections have shown that American leaders may rediscover the old truth—never forgotten by the Russians —that world opinion has an incredibly short memory. Paradoxically, the fanatical America-baiters would, if America were to withdraw hastily, react with the greatest contempt. The apocalyptic horrors then committed by the Vietcong would be blamed on the United States.

WHY, THEN, should Ho Chi Minh want peace at this time? And why should Saigon agree to a coalition regime? With the exception of the short-lived French cabinet after 1944, every coalition government with the Communists has resulted in a total Communist take-over. This is not surprising since Communism has a concrete blueprint, an image of the future, an ideology. If you visit the JUSPAO offices in Saigon and see the (unfortunately unprintable) photographs of Vietcong bestialities, you can understand why a coalition government is inconceivable to many Vietnamese. To sit with the assassins of Dak-Son and Hué is beyond their imagination.

To make matters worse, there are the two utterly opposed war aims: North Vietnam wants unification (either directly or through a transitional "coalition government") while America wants to confirm the status quo, which would be synonymous with *defeat* for Hanoi. Today, the burning question is whether the United States is ready to offer a partial (and under the circumstances, an inevitably total) surrender in Vietnam. The old Administration sometimes seemed inclined to do just that. What is the new one going to do? □

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THE NEW WORD GAME

Why 'Black'?

DAVID BRUDNOY

MILLIONS OF AMERICANS feel passé today (if not *hors de combat*) if they let the word *Negro* roll off their tongues: the word is *black*, baby; don't you forget it! Over the centuries, Negroes and Caucasians have used no one single word but have preferred Negro and secondarily, colored, though before the Civil War, some frequently used black, often opprobriously. In recent years, Americans have rarely employed any term but Negro. However, before his assassination (by Negroes) in 1964, Malcolm X denigrated the "so-called Negro" and usually spoke instead of *Afro-Americans* and of *black men*. Owing more to the radical W.E.B. DuBois than to DuBois' conservative adversary Booker T. Washington, Malcolm's brilliant autobiography depicts his self-image as a "slave" and then his emergence as a "free" *black* man.

Elijah Muhammad, the other prominent Negro to reject the term Negro in the years just before 1966 (Marcus Garvey had done so, on and off, in the Twenties), gave Malcolm his distaste for it. Elijah taught Malcolm and Malcolm has instructed today's militants that Negro is their "slave name." But the two Muslim leaders were unable to bring any sizable number of spokesmen to take public umbrage at the term Negro. That event awaited 1966, by which time the cult of Malcolm was in full swing and his testament had become gospel. Malcolm's posthumous role as patron saint of the "back-to-black" movement cannot be overstressed. Currently crusading in Malcolm's tradition is Eldridge Cleaver, who gives his most recent *imprimatur* in *Playboy* (December): " 'Negro' [is] a word . . . whites applied to black people who were kidnaped from Africa . . . a docile, submissive slave type. . . . 'Afro-American' and 'black,' however, signify a rebellious person who finds and takes on his own identity."

Jargon is ever-changing and the lapdogs of the NOW constantly abuse the language with their gee-whiz-golly IN-word vocabulary, but most people are painstakingly slow about conscious terminological change. It is surprising then that the Negro-to-black phenomenon has occurred with such ease. Two summers ago, militants like Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown still used Negro. Evidence of the cross-over: in June 1966 Carmichael said, "The Democratic Party in this country is the most treacherous enemy the Negro has, period! Black people need power, and Bobby Kennedy doesn't want us to have power." By 1967, Carmichael's and Professor Charles Hamilton's *Black Power: The Politics of Liberation in America*, used *black* almost exclusively. Before his murder, King had switched to *black*, and most older Negro leaders followed suit.

With Caucasians, the shift has been remarkable. Except in the more traditional South (where whites use black to be nasty and Negro to be nice), liberal journalists, media commentators, professors and students, politicians running for office — even sometimes the ever-clever George Wallace! — now gamely say black. (A century ago, the white abolitionist Wendell Phillips hyperbolically predicted: "The moment a man becomes valuable or terrible to the politician, his rights will be respected. Give the negro [sic] a vote, and there is not a politician from Abraham Lincoln down to the laziest loafer in the lowest ward in the city who would not do him honor.") The liberal Old Left press (e.g., the *New York Times*, *New Republic*) and that of the left-leaning middle (e.g., *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Esquire*, *Harper's*) split about 50-50 on usage, hedging their bets. The "newer left" (e.g., the *Realist*, *Ramparts*, *Partisan Review*, *New York Review of Books*) and the hippie underground rags invariably opt for *black* (or *Black*). Strangely, some Old Left newspapers like the *Boston Globe* are almost fanatical about always employing black, their headlines increasingly ambiguous — "WHITE [Mayor Kevin White? some Caucasian?] BACKS BLACK [a Negro? a Mr. Black?] FOR POST" — their articles increasingly pro-militant. Conservative journals (*U.S. News and World Report*, NATIONAL REVIEW, as well as those on out to the right-ward fuzzy fringe) still cling by and large to Negro.

IN WESTERN civilization, *black* has meant wicked, devilish, dirty, evil. It was an easy jump over the centuries from the concept of the blackness of Satan's crew to the derogation implied in such terms as black lies, blackmail, black magic, black market, black Mass, blackball, black flag. Along the way, symbolic "whiteness" equaling "purity" and "blackness" equaling "perfidy" absurdly became pink people=good and brown people=bad. Today, white lies are still minor, black lies still lethal; white lists signal go-ahead, black lists end applicants' chances; white-haired boys, the white hopes, march up the ladder of promotion; black "boys" lose. There is bald truth in the old Negro jingle: "When you're white you're all right / When you're brown step down / When you're black, get back."

Though Caucasians aren't literally white, the world clings tenaciously to the nonsense of calling them whites. Is it this that makes some Negroes today want to be black—is it simply a quest for order, parallelism, the neatness of polarity? Not quite; in fact, hardly at all. The new usage is a sort of either/or test of faith of adherence to Negro aspirations, rational or otherwise. Few whites think out why they are staunchly in the camps of the black *v.* the Negro;

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they use the term because "the blacks" use it.

For militant Negroes, black becomes "the" word, I think, not in spite of its unsavory connotations (which have nothing intrinsically to do with skin color) but specifically *because* of those very connotations. The frightening connotative associations of the words black and blackness cause the denotative usages to be so vociferously employed. Why black glasses? The eyes are hidden, unknown, therefore horror-inspiring. Why beards and bushier "natural" Afro hair-dress (accompanying the almost ritualistic mustaches)? On the one hand, beards and "naturals" help some Negroes develop pride in "origin," albeit an ersatz, romanticized, Old World *Ur*-view of that origin; on the other hand, they symbolize the primitive man, the leonine panther (mixed image, but apt). Add a dashiki, and thus armed, the black man is a terrifying sight, fierce, bold, courageous. Black is Africa, the "dark continent" (a bit of Caucasian black humor), haughty, insidious.

If, for "Whitey," black is evil, for the "soul brother" black is pride, essence, beauty, good, power; black is, altogether, the badge of defiance: We're BLACK, make of it what you will, Honky Pig! Capitalized, upper-case *Blacks* now confront lower-case *whites* in books, pamphlets, and the daily press. Black is adaptable and needn't explicitly exclude the light-skinned Negro—if he properly disdains his Caucasian ancestry and shouts out for his blackness. The modern "Uncle Toms" may once arrogantly have felt superior to their darker fellows. Now they can be Black if they *feel Black, talk Black, think Black.*

More Than a Color

Possibilities for proliferating this terminological fall-out are limitless. Whitey made black frightening, now Blacks hold up the looking glass and let Whitey blanch in terror. Certain catch-phrases reveal the true believer: "white racism"—the cause and effect of every woe—is one; the many forms of the great mother-noun, Black, are others. "White racism" is your crime and Blackness is their virtue.

Which leaves us—where? Can the racial "dialogue" be carried on in terms reasonable, defined, and fixed, not constantly changing at the whim of this participant or that? Today's worthwhile struggle is that of coping with human nature within the American system—to work with our Negro fellow citizens toward achieving meaningful integration into American life. (Those bent on creating further separatism—who would make of John Lindsay's unfortunate phrase in the Kerner Report, "Our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white, separate and unequal" a self-fulfilling prophecy—be they Klansmen or Bobby Seales, for whom Justice Marshall is "an Uncle Tom, bootlicker, nigger pig, a Tonto and a punk", find integration hopeless and fight it.)

To say that "they" think Negro is a "white man's word" begs the question: who are "they"? Unanimity is wanting among American Negroes as to what term "they" prefer. Differing magazine reader polls (like *Jet*'s, March 1968) cannot reflect the sentiments of large portions of America's 22+ million Negroes. The "they" to whom the white lackeys of Negro militance endlessly allude are first, surely, the noisiest of the young extremists; then, as previously suggested, older Negro "leaders" (like King, Abernathy, Young et al.) who latch onto current trends, and thirdly, a multiplying segment of the herded mass, which follows the leaders like a good mass should.

The *Wall Street Journal*, December 12, 1968, found considerable Negro opposition to the word black, such as that of a Chicago anti-poverty official who prefers Negro: "I tell the militants that they are trying to reduce me to a color and I'm more than that."

Unfortunately, the gap between different "shades" of Negro endures, and the emphasis on blackness glorifies the likes of Brown, Carmichael, Cleaver, and Co., who are blacks, and disparages Negroes, i.e., "Uncle Toms." Despite frantic efforts to solidify the ranks lumping everyone, light, dark, rich, poor, successes, failures, together somehow as blacks opposed and downtrodden one and all by "honky white racists" —everyone else), the very term black cannot but implicitly exclude the light-complected as well as moderates of whatever hue, unless they turn somersaults proving their blackness. Surely the legitimate goal of all concerned Americans is the closing of that gap, by easing and eventually erasing racial divisiveness in America, not its further expansion.

At bottom, black has become a propaganda tool in the last few years; "American Negro," in sober fact, includes the seventeen generations of descendants of Africans in America from 1619 when the "twenty Negars" arrived until today, of which most are part Caucasian, too. If Negro is a "white man's word" and black is not, then are organizations which bear Negro (or colored) in their titles somehow "white men's organizations" and Negro leaders who for years used Negro with justifiable pride—Carmichael, King, and Cleaver included—"white men's Negroes"? The idea is grotesque, and to mouth it, as many now do, reflects not seriousness but, rather, casual acquiescence to a cynical device serving not to clarify but rather to obfuscate matters.

A War of Words

A pitched all-out war between militant destructionists and the rest of the nation (see Garry Wills' superb *The Second Civil War*, 1968) may, with luck and energy, never come, despite recent skirmishes. But we are already deep into a war of words. By so easily opting for black and so casually discarding Negro, constructive Caucasians and Negroes give over a chunk of territory and no small measure of legitimacy to hate-filled whitey-phobes who manufactured the Negro-black issue and who currently call the shots. Conservatives (and liberals like columnist Professor John Roche) who shy away from the word black realize that the encounter is still partially terminological and a matter of rhetoric; giving way on this matter is just slightly less masochistically foolish than wallowing in guilt by assuming an undeserved collective burden of being "white racists," which error most conservatives, though few liberals, have thus far avoided.

Americans, Negroes and Caucasians alike, differing fundamentally in abilities and accomplishments, not in degree of (spiritual) blackness or whiteness, will never get very far in bringing sense and understanding to the contemporary racial morass if we can't even keep the words we use fixed as to meaning and relatively free of the disturbed twistings of those who would score points—as when some demagogue blurts out: "We are Beautiful and Black; up against the wall, white mother------!"—instead of coming to terms with issues. If we would confront today's racial problems as much unimpeded by superfluous jargon as is possible, we would do well to stick to a comparatively non-emotive term, Negro, and avoid the pitfalls awaiting us along a path charted by the language-distorting street-corner haranguers. □

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THE ART SCENE

Harlem On Everybody's Mind

RUTH BERENSON

With loudspeakers blaring, lights flashing, yards and yards of blown-up photographs and photo-murals, the Grande Dame of the art world, New York's staid Metropolitan Museum of Art, has plunged headlong into what might be loosely—very loosely—called sociology. Consequently it finds itself involved in a controversy which is shaking it to its venerable foundations. The occasion is "Harlem On My Mind," a multimedia hodgepodge purporting, in the words of its creator, Allon Schoener, to "document the struggle to establish an urban black culture in the midst of our twentieth-century industrial society."

Whether such a project has any place in an institution primarily devoted to the preservation and exhibition of works of art is, of course, questionable; there is not a work of art (unless you include documentary photographs of doubtful quality) in the whole show. The Met's director, Thomas P. F. Hoving, apparently sold the idea to the august Board of Trustees on an interpretation of the original charter of 1870 which, somewhat vaguely, committed the museum, as Mr. Hoving put it, "to educate the public and relate art to practical life." Justified or not, it is a fact that the Met gets considerable money from the city of New York and that Mr. Hoving's political hopes, whetted by his stint as headline-maker during his brief tenure as Mayor John Lindsay's Parks Commissioner, are reputedly high. "Harlem On My Mind" must have seemed a natural.

Unfortunately for Mr. Hoving's ambitions, the exhibition and its catalog, though allegedly two years in the making, convey the impression of having been slapped together in a mad hurry. What else could account for the use, as the introduction to the catalog, of a high school paper by sixteen-year-old Candice Van Ellison which contains grammatical mistakes and errors of omission and commission perhaps forgivable by today's educational standards but hardly permissible in a book (it has been published by Random House in a hardcover edition) intended for serious adults. Boding ill for Mr. Hoving's political dreams are the accusations of antisemitism, as well as anti-Irishism and anti-Puerto Ricanism, which have been hurled — with some reason—at Miss Van Ellison. Her statements that "behind every hurdle that the Afro-American has to jump stands the Jew who has already cleared it," and "blacks may find anti-Jewish sentiments place them, for once, within a majority," have naturally aroused all the Jewish organizations. How they passed unnoticed by the exhibition staff —largely recruited from the outside, which happily lets the Met's own personnel off the hook—surpasses understanding. Art museum catalogs generally are painstaking affairs which are checked to the last comma for accuracy. Mr. Hoving, having been castigated by nearly everyone from his pal, Mayor Lindsay, on down, has abjectly apologized, inserted various disclaimers into the catalog, and admitted to an "error in judgment."

Ironically, he has also had to defend himself against Negro charges that the

exhibition represents a "white man's image" of Harlem—as if the skin color of the exhibition's creators rather than the veracity and value of what they have done were at stake.

More serious, at least to this observer, is that the show itself fails to achieve its aim, namely, to present a documentary history of Harlem. Allon Schoener, Director of Visual Arts for the New York State Council on the Arts, who first conceived the project, says in the catalog: "Exposure to the facts which shaped Harlem can benefit both black and white." Unfortunately, Mr. Schoener's respect for "facts," or at least their logical presentation, is something less than total.

A disciple of Marshall McLuhan, Mr. Schoener maintains that we no longer "respond, as we once did, to an orderly progression of facts thrust at us in a fixed order. . . . Communication pattern (more information than can be received by an individual within the fixed time available) has replaced communication message (a clear, precise set of facts stated in logical order)." Visitors to "Harlem On My Mind" are therefore bombarded, at random, with lantern slides of newspaper headlines (sources usually unidentified) flashing by so quickly that they are hardly readable and usually bear no relation to the photographic slides which follow; with disembodied, poorly recorded voices—interviews, poetry readings—by authors whose identity is discoverable only after diligent search; by hundreds of photographs whose captions are similarly hard to locate and which, once found, often refer to names which, except for those familiar with Negro history, are meaningless. Obviously to have placed the captions conventionally beneath the photos, or to have inserted a few lines identifying Countee Cullen, Father Divine, W. E. B. DuBois for instance, would have smacked too much of "didactic method." Moreover, there are shocking factual distortions and omissions: Roy Wilkins, for one, is nowhere to be found, but there are three huge pictures of Malcolm X plus one of his funeral; two pictures of James Baldwin and none of Ralph Ellison; three shots of Black Panthers but none, say, of the doctors at Harlem Hospital.

There are two lessons to be learned from this fiasco: first, that old-fashioned "didactic educational methods" still have a lot to recommend them; second, that if a civic-minded institution like the Metropolitan Museum has Harlem on its mind, it would be better advised to keep on "doing its own thing," that is, to present its unparalleled collections of art to a public whose yearly attendance, by now, amounts to nearly twice the population of New York City—including Harlem. □

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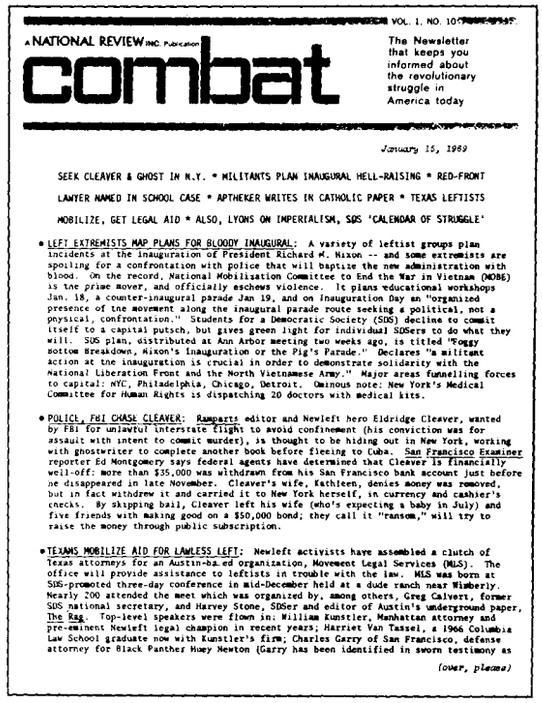

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The Newsletter that keeps you informed about the revolutionary struggle in America today

January 15, 1969

SEEK CLEAVER & GHOST IN N.Y. * MILITANTS PLAN INAUGURAL HELL-RAISING * RED-FRONT LAWYER NAMED IN SCHOOL CASE * APTHEKER WRITES IN CATHOLIC PAPER * TEXAS LEFTISTS MOBILIZE, GET LEGAL AID * ALSO, LYONS ON IMPERIALISM, SDS 'CALENDAR OF STRUGGLE'

• LEFT EXTREMISTS MAP PLANS FOR BLOODY INAUGURAL: A variety of leftist groups plan incidents at the inauguration of President Richard M. Nixon -- and some extremists are spoiling for a confrontation with police that will baptize the new administration with blood. On the record, National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam (MOBE) is the prime mover, and officially eschews violence. It plans educational workshops Jan. 18, a counter-inaugural parade Jan 19, and on Inauguration Day an "organized presence of the movement along the inaugural parade route seeking a political, not a physical, confrontation." Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) decline to commit itself to a capital putsch, but gives green light for individual SDSers to do what they will. SDS plan, distributed at Ann Arbor meeting two weeks ago, is titled "Foggy bottom Breakdown, Nixon's Inauguration or the Pig's Parade." Declares "a militant action at the inauguration is crucial in order to demonstrate solidarity with the National Liberation Front and the North Vietnamese Army." Major areas funnelling forces to capital: NYC, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit. Ominous note: New York's Medical Committee for Human Rights is dispatching 20 doctors with medical kits.

• POLICE, FBI CHASE CLEAVER: Ramparts editor and Newleft hero Eldridge Cleaver, wanted by FBI for unlawful interstate flight to avoid confinement (his conviction was for assault with intent to commit murder), is thought to be hiding out in New York, working with ghostwriter to complete another book before fleeing to Cuba. San Francisco Examiner reporter Ed Montgomery says federal agents have determined that Cleaver is financially well-off: more than $35,000 was withdrawn from his San Francisco bank account just before he disappeared in late November. Cleaver's wife, Kathleen, denies money was removed, but in fact withdrew it and carried it to New York herself, in currency and cashier's checks. By skipping bail, Cleaver left his wife (who's expecting a baby in July) and five friends with making good on a $50,000 bond; they call it "ransom," will try to raise the money through public subscription.

• TEXANS MOBILIZE AID FOR LAWLESS LEFT: Newleft activists have assembled a clutch of Texas attorneys for an Austin-based organization, Movement Legal Services (MLS). The office will provide assistance to leftists in trouble with the law. MLS was born at SDS-promoted three-day conference in mid-December held at a dude ranch near Wimberly. Nearly 200 attended the meet which was organized by, among others, Greg Calvert, former SDS national secretary, and Harvey Stone, SDSer and editor of Austin's underground paper, The Rag. Top-level speakers were flown in: William Kunstler, Manhattan attorney and pre-eminent Newleft legal champion in recent years; Harriet Van Tassel, a 1966 Columbia Law School graduate now with Kunstler's firm; Charles Garry of San Francisco, defense attorney for Black Panther Huey Newton (Garry has been identified in sworn testimony as

(over, please)

Facts About Combat...

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ON CAMPUS AND OFF

Grooving with WABC

ANTHONY R. DOLAN

THE "young sound," as it is sometimes called, was pioneered and perfected at WABC about eight years ago; and since then has been imitated almost everywhere. Nearly every big city has a station whose format is similar or identical, and, in the trade itself, it is not unusual to hear a reference like the one made by a station manager in a recent issue of an advertising journal. "We are," he said in describing his own outlet, "a WABC-type station."

There are some things you should know about the "young sound." The first is how to recognize it. And that's easy enough, really. The pace gives things away; the records come quickly, all of them hits; the commercials go quickly, most of them musical. From disc jockeys to jingles, everything is fast; everything is loud; everything has the big sound. Frantic crescendo is the effect.

Take, just for instance, the Big Dan Ingram Show. Dan Ingram came to WABC about seven years ago and was number one in New York's afternoon spot after his first six months; he has stayed there ever since. His humor is wry and hip and even the professionals come to him for help with their routines. "Here we are at the Ingram shambles," he will begin, "where things start slow and slump off from there." The weather report will be next; he'll rip through it and announce, the management be damned, "I wouldn't believe it though, they're probably as wrong as they were yesterday." Then it's a commercial, "so you get your paper panties, all the hip stores have 'em. . . . . yeoooow . . . ." and with strains of "seventy-seven, WABC, music power radio super-hit one . . . . one . . . . one . . . ." in the background, he will lean over to his interviewer and confide, "The only real qualification for being a disc jockey is to be able to defecate in three minutes," and then spout some technical gibberish to his engineer and, in a moment, be back to his audience with, as "super-hit . . . seven . . . seven . . . seven . . ." fades, "Sing it, girls . . . oh yes, now do it again . . . oh that's good." And so it goes. Big Dan keeps talking and the super-hits keep coming and everybody stays tuned because the pace is fast and Dan is funny and the commercials are thoroughly swallowable and the music, after all, is good.

And the music after all *is* good.

If, by chance, you associate "pop music" with a kind of rhythmic hoop'n holler, you're . . . well, you're behind the times. This is the second thing you should know about WABC. Its melodies are no longer just primitive; they can be deeply moving.

And the lyrics are no longer stereotyped or unintelligible but poetic and meant for listening. And how undeniable it is that the influx of groups like The Association, Simon and Garfunkel, The Rascals, and, yes, yes, The Beatles, have brought the "young sound" talented singers and writers and, God Bless Us, even accomplished musicians.

There are, of course, still some inanities around. "Yummy, Yummy, Yummy, I've Got Love In My Tummy" was a big hit a few months back, and it wasn't so long ago that one rock group made its name by screaming "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" while in the midst of what sounded like an electronic holocaust. But, by and large, things have changed.

The people at WABC, perhaps because they were part of that change, have noticed it. In fact, they are emphatic on the point. Rick Sklar, who is Program Director and the man who decides what gets played on the air, put it this way: "Since I've been here, I've seen a real evolution take place in our surveys. Some hard rock is still popular but, generally speaking, we've become totally diversified. Today we have everything: soul, ballads, country, the brass sound, the symphonic sound, and, oftentimes, combinations of these. Today lyrics mean more than they used to, and the tunes are softer and more romantic and sentimental. Look at the hits of the past year, 'Love is Blue,' 'MacArthur Park,' 'Mrs. Robinson,' 'Hey Jude,' 'This Guy's In Love With You,' and 'The Look of Love,' have all been the big hits. None of them qualifies as hard rock."

AND COUSIN BRUCIE, another of WABC's disc jockeys, sees it this way, "Our sounds have definitely improved. But I think it's important to remember that we needed those first few years in order to learn how to control the electronic sound. Kids today are making music their own thing. In almost every neighborhood there is a rock band and even the ones who aren't musical are getting into the act by being managers or agents. Music has become a kind of Junior Achievement program. And what's been happening is that a lot of young artists who are really talented are getting the chance they didn't have before. And so the music is improving."

Popular music, incidentally, isn't the only thing about which Cousin Brucie has some definite opinions. As a matter of fact, I think I should explain about him, too; he's really the third thing you should know about WABC.

Bruce Morrow's show occupies the evening spot between seven and eleven, the hours of the greatest teen-age audience. Like Dan Ingram, Brucie is number one in his spot. When he is not broadcasting, he spends his time consulting with business concerns on the youth market. You will probably be seeing a lot of him in the days to come; in the spring, he begins a daily TV talk show, oriented specifically towards young people.

Cousin Brucie thinks a lot of his

(Continues on page 139)

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RUSSELL KIRK

FROM INTELLECTUALS, DELIVER US!

FROM THE ACADEMY

A Scottish man of letters, Mr. George Scott Moncrieff, assures me that The Situation is as wretched in Britain as it is in these United States. "Newcastle has produced a multiple murderess aged eleven," he writes, "but I suspect that the most insidious influence is purveyed by our enlightened intellectuals, whose fudging of all moral boundaries in the cause of license is staggering."

For the best succinct description of The Situation which I have encountered recently, I commend to everybody the concluding volume of Professor Hoxie Neale Fairchild's six-volume study *Religious Trends in English Poetry* (Columbia University Press), a work illuminated by the moral imagination. *Valley of Dry Bones* is the particular title of this last volume, covering the years 1920-1965. Here is Fairchild's "pointillistic sketch of modern misery I call 'The Situation' ":

> The Modern Temper. Hollow Men eating their Naked Lunches in the Waste Land while awaiting Godot. Botched civilization. Sick world. *Untergang des Abendlandes.*
>
> No suprahuman Creator or Judge Redeemer or Lover or Guide. No life beyond the grave. Loss of the traditional symbols of Western culture. No integrating myths. No worship.
>
> No reality independent of the disintegrated observer. No objective sharable truth or truths. No scale of values. No norm of human nature. Dissociation of sensibility. Discursive and intuitive reason equally distrusted. No boundaries between rational and irrational, normal and abnormal. Pluralism liberates, but only into bewilderment. Semantic stultification: chasm between words and meanings. Solipsism. Nothing to discipline our emotions. No firm roots in domestic or civic ritual. Life patternless, purposeless, meaningless. Everything "phony."

Here Professor Fairchild is describing not his own state of mind, but rather the climate of opinion that oppresses us today. It is the wasteland of defecated intellectuality, the consciousness of the secularistic intellectual. And of course it is not mere "anxiety," the private and public disintegration summarized in these phrases is the consequence, in large part, of the latterday liberal mentality, dissolving all loyalties and traditions. It is what Max Picard called "the world in flight"—the flight from God.

A scholar of some genuine intellectual power, Dr. John Lukacs, touches upon many of these diseases in his new book, *Historical Consciousness* (Harper and Row). At least, through our awareness of the past, we moderns have the possibility of understanding what is happening to us, Lukacs says. One necessity is to liberate ourselves from the spell of the dreary intelligentsia—"the Logicalists," as Robert Graves calls them.

THERE ARE MANY symptoms which suggest that the dangers of professional intellectualism are now the opposite from what people had thought," says Lukacs: "instead of pedantry, sloppiness; instead of the narrow burrowing of the parochial bookworm, the sleazy superficiality of the professional intellectual. Tocqueville's conservative contemporaries used to rail against the bookish pedants of the coming democracy, against the epoch of the specialist who would replace the more spacious epoch marked by the chivalry of the mind. But Tocqueville saw further: he foresaw that the successful professional intellectuals would be the prime ideamongers. . . . The single-mindedness, the unworldly devotion of the historian-specialist is, I am afraid, quite out of keeping with the spirit of the second half of the twentieth century, when professional intellectuals abound and when even professional historianship has become a lucrative occupation, attracting many people whose principal ability consists in their exemplification of those general ideas that are currently respectable in professional and intellectual circles."

Return we to Hoxie Neal Fairchild. Awareness of The Situation no longer is confined to the intellectuals, he remarks, for the man in the street begins to feel it painfully; and "it is probable that large-scale democratized higher education will gradually spread popular awareness of The Situation."

"No vital sense of human unity"—so continues Fairchild's Jeremiad. "Collapse of nineteenth-century liberal hopes. No intelligent conservatism. Social and racial inequities. Political corruption. Bureaucracy. Contra-human machine-made cities. Greedy capitalism. Rat-race of the status-seeking hucksters. Totalitarianism, fascist or Communist. Welfare State, a paternalism of flavorless homogenization. Vulgarity of democratized education, popular culture, mass media. Alienation of the distinguished individual from society in fear, scorn, loneliness. Despite withdrawal, no real privacy."

By faith is man saved, Fairchild and Lukacs both imply: not by the god of the philosophers, but by the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob. The intellectuals have done their best to make such faith impossible. In Bertrand Russell's definition (somewhat surprisingly), an intellectual "is a person who thinks he knows more than he really knows."

"Nothingness—but with something loathsome at the core of it," Fairchild concludes. "Sense of doom, but no tragic grandeur. *Angst.* The Absurd. Nausea. Hysterical defiance lapsing into self-pity, self-contempt. Boredom with cycle of birth, and copulation, and death. The Abyss. Worms. Rats. Merds."

Yet there's this to be said: the right reason of men of moral imagination and humane learning, like Fairchild and Lukacs, may yet redeem the time. By false ideas we fell; by true ideas we may rise. □

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Seeing It Like Mailer Does

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Miami and the Siege of Chicago
By Norman Mailer
World, $5.95

Miami and the Siege of Chicago is two books, not one; it's also Mailer sober and Mailer drunk. And not to be missed because of its unforgettable prose portraits; not to be missed for an understanding of why the Norman Mailers cannot really understand the good square society in which they live. With Mailer it is almost as simple as the battle of the WASPs and the Have-Nots (Mailer persists in considering himself a have-not although what he has not that he might desire, except Waspdom which he doesn't—or does he?—is hard to figure).

Since it is two books, let's hit Miami Beach first. Mailer arrives in Miami Beach uncommitted. He is also unsettled, going through a political and emotional crisis triggered by the deaths of Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King, the spring riots and the Poor Peoples' March. He's taking personal inventory and makes the uncomfortable admission that "he [Mailer] was getting tired of Negroes and their rights. . . . He was weary to the bone of listening to Black cries of Black superiority in sex, Black superiority in beauty, Black superiority in war . . . the claims were too often uttered by Negroes who were not very black themselves. . . ."

By mid-'68 it has become the in-thing to despise old-line liberals, and Mailer does. He despises Nelson Rockefeller for his indecisiveness in going after the nomination (despises him for the same reasons that brought increasing disillusionment with Gene McCarthy). ". . . He [Rockefeller] called in old debts from friends, hit the hustings in his plane. 'Hiya fellow,' —did everything but enter the campaign at the right time, fight it out in the primaries or design his attack for the mollification of Republican fears. . . . In secret he may have detested the Average Republican. . . ." (As we find later there are only two things that Mailer can hang on to, and they're related: a) the Vietnam war is evil and b) the military-industrial complex is alive, and in the Pentagon, and must be crushed.)

AND SO, NOT CARING what happens to the Republicans, he reports things as he sees them and the result is exciting, elucidating and scarifying. Rockefeller gets it at every turn: the reporter (as Mailer annoyingly calls himself) is there when Rocky arrives from New York and fails to get the kingsize ovation he needs to prove he really *is* the Party's choice. He has a good voice, says the reporter, but. . . "It was an honest voice, sincere, masculine, vibrant, reedy, slightly hoarse, full of honest throatiness of New York. It was a near-perfect voice for a campaigner; it was just a question of whether it was entirely his own or had gravitated to its function."

Ronald Reagan, Mailer dismisses easily, without particular viciousness: "Reagan has a second personality that is younger than the first, very young, boyish, maybe thirteen or fourteen, freckles, cowlick, I-tripped-on-my-sneaker-lace aw shucks variety of confusion." When Reagan tells the press with a grin that he honestly *doesn't* know whether he is gaining delegates, "as if indeed, gentlemen, he didn't know, the Press and the delegates listening laughed with him as if there were no harm in Ronald Reagan, not unless the lightning struck."

Nixon is the Republican who ends up interesting the reporter. He meets and likes the Nixon girls, "a man who could produce daughters like that could not be all bad." (The reporter had arrived knowing Nixon was *all* bad.) At a hostile press conference some time later, the reporter finds himself asking: "Was it possible that he was a good man, not a bad man . . .?" At a Nixon reception, he comes to understand why the delegates are for Nixon, something the Rockefeller forces never fathomed:

> It was obvious Nixon had a following after all in these middle-class neatly dressed people moving forward in circumscribed steps . . . . decent respectables who had spent their life in service and now wanted to have a moment near the man who had all of their vote, and so could arouse their happiness, for the happiness of the Wasp was in his moment of veneration, and they had veneration for Nixon, heir of old Ike—center of happy memory and better days—they venerated Nixon for his service to Eisenhower, and his comeback now—it was his comeback which made him a hero in their eyes, for America is the land which worships the Great Comeback, and so he was Tricky Dick to them no more, but the finest gentleman in the land; and they were proud to say hello.

And when Nixon makes his acceptance speech, Mailer remains puzzled: "He [the reporter] did not know if the candidate were real as a man, or whole as a machine, lonely in his sad eminence or megalomaniacal, humble enough to feel the real wounds of the country or sufficiently narcissistic to dream the tyrant's dream—the reporter did not know. . . ."

SO TO THE SIEGE of Chicago. Which starts off beautifully. Here's Eugene McCarthy:

> If there was a grave flaw in McCarthy it came out of some penury of his own spirit; too bitter even to express his bitterness, it leaked out of the edges of his wit, turned as punishment upon his own people in the determined bland tone of his presentation in a dramatic

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> hour, and leaking, seemed to get into the very yellow of his skin, his single most unattractive feature.

And George McGovern:

> McGovern was the friendliest man in Chicago. He was a reasonably tall, neatly built man, with an honest Midwestern face, a sobriety of manner, a sincerity of presentation, a youthfulness of intent. . . . A Christian sweetness came off him like a psychic aroma—he was a fine and pleasant candidate but for that sweetness.

And poor old Humphrey whose triple initials HHH have an unwitting reference, Mailer takes care to point out, "to barbed-wire fences, concentration camps, gas chambers." Humphrey!

> Humphrey spoke three times as long [as McCarthy] trudging through an imprecision of language, a formal slovenliness of syntax which enabled him to shunt phrases back and forth like a switchman, who locates a freight car by moving everything in the yard.

We get a sudden new insight in an inconclusive meeting with Bobby Kennedy, a vignette that lives. And a curious meeting with McCarthy after the ball is over; when McCarthy of August '68 comments that he can't seem to get angry again. "It's a gift to get angry when you wish to get angry, Mailer." Which explains a lot about Eugene McCarthy.

THEN THE CONVENTION fades in the background. The Yippies and the New Left make the scene and the reporter begins to wonder about himself. Shouldn't he be in Lincoln and Grant Park with them? Shouldn't he march in their ranks, take the beatings and the tear gassing and the maceings with some of the *compañeros* of the march on the Pentagon—with Dave Dellinger, and Allen Ginsberg, Jean Genet, William Burroughs, Terry Southern? Is it that he's losing his guts? Is he scared of a beating? Where's Mailer's *machismo*? "The reporter took an unhappy look around. Were these unkempt children the sort of troops with whom one wishes to enter battle?"

SO IT GOES for page upon page as Mailer wallows in his own emotions and reactions, as he worries about what the kids will think of him, and his prose takes on a frenzied directionless character that reflects his own unresolved dilemma. Take this description of a young white folksinger,

> And the reporter, caught in the din—had the Huns ever had noise to compare?—knew this was some variety of true song for the Hippies and adolescents in the house, in this enclave of grass and open air (luxury apartments of Lake Shore Drive not five football fields away) crescendos of sound as harsh on his ear, ear of a generation which had danced to "Star Dust," as to drive him completely out of the sound, these painted dirty under-twenties were monsters, and yet, still clinging to recognition in the experience, he knew they were a generation which lived in the sound of destruction of all order as he had known it; and worlds of other decomposition as well; there was the sound of mountains crashing in this holocaust of the decibels, hearts bursting, literally bursting, as if this were the sound of death by explosion within, the drum of physiological climax when the mind was blown. . . .

and on, for 279 more words of the kind until we come, all but engulfed by the rhetoric, to a blessed full stop to which we clutch as a drowning man to a life-raft. The Siege of Chicago has turned into the Battle of Mailer, and what happens in the Amphitheatre, first things always being first with Norman Mailer, takes a back seat. With more pruning and less megalomania this could have been a brilliant book; it is only very, very good.

One final observation: in his all too vivid descriptions of the various confrontations between Yippies and cops, Mailer never once mentions *that* word —you know the one they used to taunt the police. Knowing Mailer, the motive cannot have been one of delicacy. What about it, Mr. Reporter? □

FICTION

The Girls: A Tetralogy
By Henry de Montherlant; translated by Terence Kilmartin
Harper, $8.95

Bruno's Dream
By Iris Murdoch
Viking, $5.75

Consider the Lilies
By Auberon Waugh
Little, Brown, $4.95

Savage Sleep
By Millen Brand
Crown, $6.75

The Other Side of the Mountain
By Michel Bernanos; translated by Elaine Halperin
Houghton, $4.95

TALES OF TRANSFORMATION

GUY DAVENPORT

Once, on the island of Corcyra, I watched a *tableau* which my Puritan mind, trained to see signs and portents everywhere, recognized instantly as a sight to be treasured and pondered. A ship from some miserable Communist country was anchored at the dock and its passengers, who could not disem-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ Books: Liz Carpenter, Lady Bird's press secretary, has signed a contract with Doubleday for a book about her White House years; due 1970. . . . Coming in June is the pseudonymous Frank Gell's *The Black Badge: Confessions of a Case Worker*, an indictment of the self-perpetuating welfare system (Harper). . . . *The Czech Black Book* is an hour-by-hour account of the Soviet invasion prepared by the Czechoslovakian Academy of Sciences (Praeger, March, $6.95); on the same dismal subject are *The Voices*, an eyewitness view by Joseph Wechsberg, who was born and raised in Prague (Doubleday, March, $4.95); *Prague's 200 Days* by the *N.Y. Times*' Harry Schwartz (Praeger, $5.95) and *Prague Spring* by Z. A. B. Zeman, a young Czech-in-exile who went back and Saw It All (Hill & Wang, $5). Danny the Red and his brother Gabriel have written *Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative*; welcome to the Right Wing, comrades (McGraw-Hill, 6.95); M. Servan-Schreiber has decided that, all in all, the French uprisings were a good thing because, well, change is a good thing; see *The Spirit of May* (McGraw-Hill, $4.95/$2.45 paperback). . . . Would you believe *The Wit and Humor of Richard Nixon*? Would Nixon? (Popular Library, 95 cents).

■ Is Your Coffee Table Up to Date? Not unless it boasts Paul Hollister's *Encyclopedia of Glass Paperweights* (Clarkson Potter, $15) and/or *Glass Paperweights of the Bergstrom Art Center* by Evelyn C. Cloak (Crown, May, $19.95).

■ New Series: The Pelican Classics will be philosophical-scientific cousins to the redoubtable Penguin Classics; first three, just published, are Hobbes' *Leviathan* ($1.95), *The Origin of Species* ($1.25) and Clausewitz' *On War* ($1.65). . . . On the other side of the budget, the Chicago Collector's Editions are handsome new issues of best-sellers from the University of Chicago Press. Available now are William McNeill's *The Rise of the West* ($15), *The Savage Mind* by Claude Levi-Strauss ($10) and Marc Bloch's *Feudal Society* ($12.50). Coming in the series this spring is *An American Primer* and *Narration*, the text of two lectures Gertrude Stein gave at the University, first published in 1935.

Art books at attractively low prices are offered in Crown's Bounty Books line; first titles, due in March and April, are *Wood Engravings of Winslow Homer* ($3.95), *The Best of Charles Dana Gibson* ($3.95), *Selected Works of Daumier* ($4.95) and a facsimile of the 1890 *Song of Hiawatha* with 400 drawings by Frederic Remington ($2.98). . . . Praeger's series of reprints of classics in the arts, crafts and trades leads off with Moxon's *Mechanick Exercises* and two by Thomas Sheraton: *The Cabinet-Maker's and Upholsterer's Drawing-Book* and *The Cabinet Dictionary*. . . . P. G. Wodehouse sells better, over here, with each passing year; his publishers, Simon & Schuster, hope to cash in by reprinting his earlier novels—beginning this spring with *The Code of the Woosters* (a Jeeves item), *Fish Preferred* (Blanding Castle) and *Uncle Fred in the Springtime*.

bark, were being treated to a round dance of Greek maidens in those national costumes which are about as prevalent in Greece as wooden shoes in Amsterdam. The comely maidens thus twirling were strictly Tourist Bureau shills, and no doubt all aspired to get to Cincinnati as soon as possible. On the dock road by the old Venetian fort I could see a real Greek woman. She wore a black scarf, many black sweaters and many black skirts. In one hand she carried a drawing board, in the other a T-square. Real people are always a surprise.

But are women real people? They live in a dream, says Monsieur de Montherlant, and their contact with reality is wholly hysterical. Their heads, says Miss Murdoch, can be turned by a featherweight of attention. They are dull, says Mr. Waugh, and irretrievably stupid. Mr. Brand says that they are rarely allowed to grow up, remaining infantile, puling, and demanding all their days. Monsieur Bernanos does not mention them.

These disparagements are prehistoric and perennial; there are no absolutes, only opposites which define each other. When Henry de Montherlant published the first two volumes of his anguished tetralogy about the plight of women (*Les jeunes filles* and *Pitié pour les femmes*, both 1936), woman was about halfway between her Victorian bondage and her present full measure of *uhuru*. *Le Démon du bien* followed in 1937, and *Les Lépreuses* in 1939. There was an English translation in 1948 to which no one paid much attention; de Montherlant, like the gustation of snails and telephones with two receivers, is *too* French for export.

Americans are always shocked by the terrifying stinginess of the French, that rage for pettiness and selfishness at the core of French being. De Montherlant is the very essence of that stinginess in these novels. Under the guise of studying the silly Romanticism of French women, he is really laying bare the awful strain of femaleness in the French male. His hero is a kind of Don Juan, a novelist who is widely read and therefore the target of lonely women who pester him with love letters and well-designed visits. He rebuffs them, leads them on, crushes them with silence, and drives most of them to idiocy. But it is for de Montherlant's commentaries that one reads him; he is a philosopher of the old school, acidly wise and fiercely disillusioned. Not until he has torn his readers' illusions about romantic love to confetti does he offer a positive criticism of his characters. One wonders if the harpy Simone de Beauvoir, who does a devil dance around de Montherlant in *The Second Sex*, ever read this far. Behind his strenuous misogyny (equalled only by Byron's), is a thoroughly plausible case. It is such a finely thought-out case that I despair of summarizing it here, and send you to this remarkable, unsettling book. In short, M. de Montherlant proposes that we cure womankind of its systematic frivolity by destroying romantic love root and branch, thereby returning woman to humanity, a human being in her right mind.

Just what Iris Murdoch's twelfth novel is all about she has gone to great lengths to hide. From Samuel Beckett she has taken a bed-ridden old man named Bruno whose hobbies are spiders and stamps. Around him gyrate characters from earlier Murdoch *opera*, people locked up in their own obsessions. The action is brisk and delightful. This one marries that one in the end, and the most we can say is that the elusive Miss Murdoch has written a romantic comedy. In a recent interview with the late W. K. Rose, Miss Murdoch said that she had had a revelation about the novel; it is always a comic form, she said, and its subject is love. "I was once a kind of existentialist and now I am a kind of platonist."

In a scene in this new novel we are allowed to see a husband and wife having a spat. The sentences they fling at each other are quotations from Wittgenstein's *Tractatus Logico-Philosophi-*

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cus. There is a duelling scene lifted from *War and Peace*. Miss Murdoch's Pre-Raphaelite sense of color and plastic clarity are as fine as ever. She is like an Arnold Bennett who has been to school to the Italian surrealists. How so lucid a novel will not resolve into any meaning one can think of is frustrating for the reader, but then that may be the meaning.

AUBERON WAUGH'S fourth satire is his best to date. The wonderfully disturbing thing about the Waughs *père et fils* is that their view of the world has always been eerily realistic. Like their master Ben Jonson they do not invent their absurdities; they find them. In *Consider the Lilies* we have the clergy of the Church of England on parade, and every giggle and harumph is perfectly true to life. If the Victorian clergy with which Trollope had so much fun had a strange relation with the self-congratulatory, competent English whose spiritual adviser it was supposed to be, the relationship between Welfare England and its clergy is stranger still. The congregations are the world's smallest; religion is the last thing to be expected from the parson's mouth.

Mr. Waugh's comedy finds most of its hilariousness in the desperate obsolescence of super-liberal ideas. Religion has become sociology, sex has become hygiene, life has become boredom. Mr. Waugh's testiness snaps in every line. He gives his brightly colored cardboard characters their every due, creating the delightful impression that Mr. Waugh is dispassionately recording all this idiocy out of an inexplicable sense of duty, and that there is nothing whatever that can be done about it short of divine intervention.

THE DIFFERENCE between the comic and the serious novel is simply a matter of how long a tether the artist attaches to his understanding of the human condition. The fun of Mr. Waugh is that his tether is ridiculously short. A tether ridiculously long runs into other trouble, so that one can't decide whether Millen Brand's long novel about mental illness is a wondrously understanding and wise novel or whether it is a very loud melodrama. It is certainly a strange and unfamiliar work. It tells the story of a dedicated young pathologist who takes up psychiatry back in the Depression. He is a classic Freudian and therefore anathema to the officials of madhouses, who have their own way of treating mental illness. The heart of the story is in the treatment of psychosis (or certifiable insanity); it had already been granted that neurosis (which all of us contend with daily) could be treated by Freudian methods.

Our hero sets out rather blindly to treat terminal catatonic excitement with sheer love and understanding, rather than with electric shock (which is rather like treating a sore toe by pounding on the other nine with a hammer) or insulin injections (which is like trying to revive a drowned man by dashing buckets of water in his face). He has instant success, and is fired from the hospital for it. He keeps up his treatments furtively, and eventually branches out on his own. The second half of this long novel is concerned with his reaching, in her utterly closed-off mind, a young woman who neither speaks, hears, feels, nor performs bodily functions except by medical treatment. Thus the novel becomes something of a suspense story. It holds the attention and, if it is sound medically, teaches a lot about the nature of insanity and its treatment. The author (who was one of the writers of *The Snake Pit*, Hollywood's first realistic tangle with psychosis) seems to know his subject thoroughly. One might have wished for a less lugubrious hero; I have a feeling that in real life one would flinch from his Herculean sanity and quail before his resolve to understand you or die in the attempt.

MICHEL BERNANOS was the son of the distinguished French writer Georges Bernanos. He did not write under his own name and was not serious about literary work until this novel, which he had completed at the time of his death four years ago. What he has written is a masterpiece. It is one of those unclassifiable stories which, like certain works of Poe and W. H. Hudson's *Green Mansions*, remain inviolably unique. Whether it is a parable or allegory or simple tale of preternatural strangeness, it flows into the mind and stays there. The story is set in no recognizable place, and is perhaps outside of time. A man and a boy, shipwrecked, go into a forest, and what happens to them there I leave you to find out. But I can assure you that the imagination that makes the story so wonderful is very rare. □

Rebellion or Revolution
By Harold Cruse
Morrow, $6.95

BLACK POWER AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM

MAX GELTMAN

It has been remarked that the Negro's panaceas are all behind him. But there is always one more apostle of instant freedom on the horizon, and one more soul-shattering experience to confront when the last one fails. This is due, perhaps, to the black man's propensity to trust white men's judgments of what ails him—and how to cure it.

When the Negro was about to make some giant strides forward under the leadership of Booker T. Washington, it was white men, on the whole, who held him up to ridicule and called him Uncle Tom. Washington was not militant enough for *them*. They belittled his philosophy, which preached hard work, the acquiring of manageable skills, and the setting up of small shops and factories, as too demeaning for ex-slaves. Instead they joined with Harvard-educated W. E. B. DuBois, Booker T.'s rival for Negro leadership, in a call for higher education for the "talented tenth" as the goal for the post-Reconstruction Negro in America.

Together they founded the NAACP. Washington founded the National Negro Businessmen's League. Concentrating on "uplift" and provided with liberal amounts of cash from Northern white gentlemen, the former flourished, while the Business League, although it is still around, declined. (Later DuBois would borrow a bit of Washington's economic outlook, not ever understanding it in terms of its essential American values, and become a Communist, dying a stranger in a strange land, a fervent disciple of the exiled dictator Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana.)

Now it is Harold Cruse's contention that the struggle is still the same, only he doesn't see much difference between what each ultimately desired. He "elevates" Booker T. Washington into an ideological forerunner of the "bourgeois-democratic revolution," which he says (arguing mechanically and from books that would have frightened the dignified former slave) was aborted and must

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now be put on the order of the day—if black power is to be understood in its true revolutionary dimensions. He even sees Washington as the originator of the concept of black capitalism, about which there is much talk today.

Cruse, however, citing book, chapter and verse from the collected works of Marx, Lenin and Stalin, argues the need to recognize the revolutionary character of the "bourgeois-democratic" phase of the black revolution. And in America, which is unique in that the Negro represents not merely an oppressed proletariat, but an "inner" colonially exploited racial minority, the revolution will have to be led by the black man, whether capitalist, worker, farmer, pimp, prostitute, or intellectual—especially the last.

The author is critical of some of the black militants engaged in "guerrilla warfare," whom he views through the traditional Marxian lenses as "petty-bourgeois anarchists," whose street brawls and pig-sticking can only lead to the defeat of the revolution. The revolution itself is necessary for the transformation of our white society, he is fully convinced. He is further convinced that the white man in America has never produced a culture worth preserving.

THE DEFINING of a "culture" haunts Cruse. In his formidable study, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual* (reviewed in *NR* March 26, 1968), which should logically have followed this collection of fugitive essays, and in which his thoughts are more clearly expressed, he also sought definitions that, on the whole, eluded him. Here the subject is pursued in much haste and with much passion. What it all adds up to is that we don't have "culture" and the Negro must, by exerting some kind of inner-directed control of his own artistic and politico-economic productions, provide us with what we, as a nation, have never had. How could we, lacking soul? Says Cruse: "The soul of a race, nation, people or nationality is its culture."

Now all this appeal to "soul," to "people," to "race," coupled with a cry for "culture" and "socialism," the world experienced to its horror only a short while ago. And Mr. Cruse is mistaken if he thinks overwhelming us with all the homework he has done in traditional Marxism—recapitulating the old fights from Bernstein to Lenin, from Revisionism to Bolshevism—will make us forget the sources of his appeal to *national* socialism—which is what much of his "black revolution" is all about. Even the mindless revolution and sloganeering of the New Left, on which he seems to rely, is highly reminiscent.

Considering his many talents and his genuine efforts to come to grips with a difficult subject, it is unfortunate he feels the necessity to Americanize Marxism, instead of rejecting it outright. Committed to the black revolution, he never tells us why, except as a sort of mystique in which all "cultured" men must believe.

He sums up his book of essays by telling us what is "behind the black power slogan." In the first place it is a tactic, dating back to the demands of Booker T. Washington, who counseled the Negro to "cast down his bucket" where he was. Second, it must be understood as essentially a revolutionary slogan that is totally anti-integrationist. (His criticism of the old-line Marxists, whether Stalinist or Trotskyist, is that they see the struggle in European terms as a *class* conflict, whereas he sees it as part of a peculiar American anti-colonial struggle.) Third, the black power slogan provides an umbrella under which all elements of the Negro community can be sheltered while the leaders—the intellectuals—go about hammering out a program for the final conflict, the emancipation of the black man in America. In the process, by a kind of dialectical transformation of values, the emancipation of all the rest of us in deprived and cultureless America will be assured.

That is his thesis—so far. But he is still developing. And since he is a man of considerable wisdom, having had to discard much ideological baggage in a hurry (he abandoned the Communist Left in the late Fifties), it is to be hoped that he will yet learn to cast off the remainder of his commitments to a movement that offers nothing to the white man or the Negro. Fetched as he is by the notion of revolution, he might heed Camus, whom he frequently quotes. The author of *The Rebel* said, "The revolution, too, is a form of slavery." Only it will *never* permit an Emancipation Proclamation. In sum, it is not the American Negro who needs to be emancipated, he needs only to be freed from his emancipators. □

Sartre: Ideologue of Our Time
By Thomas Molnar
Funk & Wagnalls, $4.95

INTELLECTUAL FORERUNNER OF THE NEW LEFT

PETER P. WITONSKI

Jean-Paul Sartre has built both his reputation and his fortune upon a long career of minding other people's business. He has become, in the words of Professor Thomas Molnar, *le contemporain capital*, the chief witness of our age, or at least the post-1945 era—a fact which serves only to personify our century's essential bad taste. As a philosopher, critic, playwright, and Communist apologist he has gained a measure of notoriety and influence not common among intellectuals in our time. Only Bertrand Russell, whom he resembles in certain ways, is better known. Certainly he is more famous than his brilliant colleague on *Les Tempes Modernes*, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, who dwarfed him as a philosopher. →

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Like Russell, Sartre's fame rests more on his contributions to popular literature and political controversy than on his often difficult and jargon-ridden philosophy. His most important work, *L'Être et le Néant (Being and Nothingness),* like Russell's *Principia Mathematica,* is largely unread, although it is often mentioned by his votaries, most of whom are still struggling to complete the simplistic *Existentialism and Humanism.* However, unlike Russell, who was once a great philosopher, Sartre has never been a philosopher of the truly first rank. Without wishing to betray my own prejudice in favor of analytical philosophy, I think it is safe to say that at very best Sartre rates as one of Heidegger's many disciples—an encomium only to those unfortunate intellectuals who have succeeded in wading through the lugubrious language of the old Black Forest wordmonger and gone away with a feeling of philosophical satisfaction.

Sartre shares one final fate with Russell: both abandoned the philosophical investigations of their early years for the world of ideological speculation. But where Russell's ideological maunderings have always been singularly naïve, taking on after a time a kind of quixotic nobility, Sartre has always understood the implications of his ideologizing, ruthlessly attacking anyone audacious enough to disagree with him (e.g. Albert Camus).

It is this aspect of Sartre's career that Thomas Molnar, who has had many perceptive things to say about Sartre in the past, covers in his latest book, *Sartre: Ideologue of Our Time.* To say that this work has been long awaited would be an understatement; ever since the publication of his important work *The Decline of the Intellectual,* readers have been expecting Molnar to devote an entire book to Sartre. In *The Decline of the Intellectual* Molnar wrote several illuminating pages which traced Sartre's evolution from what Sartre himself called a philosophy of freedom (existentialism) to one of historical determinism (Marxism). For Sartre, Molnar emphasized, ideology transcended philosophy; it brought him into contact with a self-constructed mythos which he called the "working class," and which he saw as the epistemological foundation of his life and work. That his fundamental atomistic individualism (to borrow a phrase from Sartre's Marxist critics) was irreconcilable with Marxist collectivism seemed unimportant to Sartre and his followers. The caustically brilliant criticism of the Hungarian Marxist Georg Lukacs, ridiculing Sartre as the last of the vulgar bourgeois individualists, has been repeated over and over again, particularly in the French Communist press; but none of this has discouraged Sartre or dissuaded him from calling himself a Marxist.

Molnar raises the problem of how posterity will view Sartre: will it rank him with twentieth-century Marxist thinkers like Lukacs and the Polish writer Adam Schaff, or will it place him among the existentialists like Heidegger? I should think that since Sartre has opted for ideology, and since it is fashionable for neo-Marxists like Schaff to sprinkle their writings with existentialist jargon, history would rank him with the Marxists. That would undoubtedly annoy Lukacs, but he is much overrated these days and deserves to be annoyed. Molnar diplomatically solves the problem by using the term "utopian" to describe Sartre's philosophy, thus classing him with the Marxists without contradicting those wishing to place him with the existentialists.

The inconsistencies between Marxism and existentialism, as personified by the conflict between "atomistic individualism" and collectivism, dominate Sartre's world-view. Molnar cites the example of Sartre's existentialist ethical system, which says in effect that nobody can make ethical or political decisions for others, as a typical inconsistency. Marxism by its very definition would require Sartre to make decisions for others in the name of ideology. How can one be a Marxist without endeavoring to make others Marxists, Molnar asks. For Sartre, of course, a dichotomy exists, separating traditional morality (which he categorically rejects) from ideology, which is superior to morality because it postulates absolute rules of conduct. How Sartre must envy Ivan Denisovich in his slave labor camp with its absolute rules of conduct.

Sartre has been equally free in distorting his philosophical mentors. Like Heidegger, his philosophical work was profoundly influenced by the phenomenology of Edmund Husserl, which sought to get back to the essences of things by suspending judgments and apodictically intuiting (Husserl used the ungainly German word *Wesenschau*) what the particular thing was about in the first place (*die Sachen selbst*). Husserl saw his phenomenology as being an introduction to ontology but not an instrument of ontology, arguing that it is possible to be aware of a phenomenon such as ontology without actually implying ontology. To emphasize this point he wrote in his *Logische Untersuchungen,* once we are conscious of a phenomenon we should simply let it "speak for its self." Sartre, while wrapping himself in the cloak of phenomenology, endeavored to use it as a tool of ontology rather than an introduction to ontology (he subtitled *L'Etre et le Néant, Essai d'ontologie*). Heidegger did much the same thing, and in his old age Husserl objected vociferously to it. One can only imagine what Marx would say about Sartrean Marxism.

Professor Molnar has done much in this excellent little volume to explain just what Jean-Paul Sartre is all about. In his analysis of the particular brand of Marxist utopianism exemplified in Sartre's writings, he has succeeded in shedding a good deal of light on the intellectual underpinnings of what these days is called the New Left. All those interested in contemporary ideological developments will want to read this book. □

THE PASSING SCENE

QUINTESSENTIAL SULTRY FEMALE

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

You can't touch her. She is more an idea than a person. Onstage at the Mark Hellinger Theater, at the Golders Green Hippodrome, at one of those cavernous outdoor military theaters, she is always far away, on the other side, across the footlights.

Which is why you know so little about her. Have you ever read an interview with Marlene Dietrich that was really satisfactory, really illuminating? "Miss Dietrich is a sophisticated realist who thinks the legend business is a bore." Or: "You learn she isn't too keen to be known as a glamorous grandmother." No. The interviewer probes, she makes some ambiguous comment, and you sense that the interviewer is panicked, afraid he's going to offend her.

Even the Dietrich gossip isn't definitive. The things you know about other celebrities, you don't know about her. Just imprecise rumors. A bitch? Did she really sit down to have a drink with French resistance fighters just for the

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publicity? Has she really had a thousand operations in Geneva to keep the body that looks so good at one hundred feet in shape? No one knows, maybe not even Rex Reed.

The image that comes to you in the films—flickering through the seemingly gaslit celluloid of *The Blue Angel*—accentuates the distance. You remember her films, but they were a long time ago. Even in a comparatively recent film appearance, *Witness for the Prosecution*, she plays the woman you didn't know about, the woman with a secret. When she pulls back her hair to reveal a little of her secret, sparks fly: a scar! You think you've learned a lot.

She glides onstage in sequinned gown. It isn't always sequinned but that's the effect. The lights are just slightly blue, and you start thinking you've seen her before. Somehow she evokes the idea of herself, and you think how well she's lasted. "She looks just like she did when. . . ." Without ever being very near you, she has been omnipresent, one of the creatures of the century who has been with us every year since when. She hasn't come from anywhere, but she never seems quite at home where she is. Dietrich, the wandering, expatriate mid-European, just here for a visit "and to singk you a few songks."

She has seen more than the rest of us. Akin to Mother Courage, she doesn't belong to any particular war, but she seems always to be out there with the boys, wearing her ubiquitous beret. So when Dietrich begins to sing "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" you think, "That's a soldier's song. That must have thrilled the boys." Somehow it's not Peter, Paul and Mary's song anymore, just another variant of "Lili Marlene," sung with a husky, throaty, but infinitely light tone.

When she sings, you sit wondering how she can stand up to it. Will she hold together? After all, Mae West didn't last forever—or probably won't. But Dietrich you expect to disintegrate before your eyes. No one can be that perfect. You look at her through your opera glasses, and it all looks real, even if it's just a hundred feet away.

Her greatest impact always comes in person. Having been everywhere and seen everything that the rest of us have missed, she brings you her assimilated experience. It lazes across the orchestra pit in the nuances of all those too-familiar songs. Each one of the songs—Peter, Paul and Mary's, and everyone else's—sounds like hers, like you heard her sing it first. But being there onstage, in person, she lets you know she really exists. Dietrich puts herself up for inspection, the woman who has been through it all, and she's far enough away to let you know she's beautiful and to leave you wondering. You won't see very much, with all the

sequins and the blue lights, no matter how strong your opera glasses are. But she makes you look and look hard.

Which explains why Marlene Dietrich is so good. You can't ever know much about the quintessential sultry female. Not even who she is—the Mona Lisa, Mata Hari, Dietrich? If we ever knew more about her than we do, she would vanish. And so she does at the end of the show. You've heard her go through "The Laziest Girl in Town" and "Marie" and "Lili Marlene" (always) and listened to her reminisce about "beautiful men and some of them mine" and watched her move through an infinity of curtain calls, swaying the curtain around her like a robe that hides more than it shows and making you tease her into coming out just one more time. The band keeps playing, and you cheer and cheer. And then she is gone. She's gone traveling but she'll be back next year. Then you can go and find out what she's really like. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SEXUAL WILDERNESS: *The Contemporary Upheaval in Male-Female Relationships, by Vance Packard (McKay, $6.95).* Mr. Packard has put four years of serious work into 500 pages *not* cluttered with genital maps, perversion glossaries or first-hand accounts of how I never knew how explosively great It could be until I dated Frank. The questions here are what is distinctive about the sexual attitudes and behavior of our younger generation, and, if things have changed, why. Packard's primary answers are these: Today's young people are discovering sex earlier and sharing it with more partners, more often—because of the pill, the female's desire for sexual equality, greater social mobility, the decline of religious dogma, the coincident popularity of "situation ethics" and the pervasive influence of, well, the good life. When you don't have to work hard to get along, you find other ways to fill up your time. Packard is no Puritan, but he has misgivings about a society increasingly preoccupied with instant gratification. An absorbing study, fit reading for everyone.

P. P. ARDERY

CHRISTIAN REFLECTIONS, *by C. S. Lewis; edited by Walter Hooper (Eerdmans, $3.95).* This collection of essays and addresses, both published and unpublished, ranges from 1939 to 1963, the last quarter-century of Lewis' life and the period of his greatest productivity. Most of them seem to be preliminary statements of themes which received their fullest expression elsewhere. Of those which do not—which are, among Lewis' works, essentially *sui generis*—the addresses on petitionary prayer (1953) and on modern theology and Bible criticism (1959) show him at his best—in the first as a scholar, a clerk, seeking an answer from other clerks, in the second as a layman and traditionalist speaking to clerics and modernists. Since it is improbable that enough of his formal writing remains uncollected to provide more than a very skimpy volume, the shape of Lewis' work should now be clear. He began as a scholar, an imaginative (though not an original) writer, and a teacher, became a Christian in 1929, and a Christian apologist some ten years or so later. His imaginative writing he continued throughout his life, along with his scholarly work. But it was not until *The Abolition of Man* (1943) that his concerns as Christian and teacher seemed to come together—a coming together prefigured by his essay on ethics in this collection—and not until the 1950s, a period represented here only by the two addresses already mentioned, that his wit, his love of defending unpopular opinions, his scholarship, his ability as a teacher, his imagination (in the Coleridgean sense) and especially the increasing range of his Christian concern, produced the Narnia books, the great inaugural *De Descriptione Temporum*, the Cambridge lectures, and his meditational books, especially *Reflections on the Psalms* (also given a preliminary statement here), and *A Grief Observed*. For the most part, the material collected in this volume does not have the great range of Lewis' later writing. It is interesting, certainly necessary for the study of Lewis' thought, valuable, lacking in full measure the breadth and style of the author's Cambridge years, but recognizably C. S. Lewis.

J. C. LOBDELL

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

DELECTATIONS

NOTES FROM LONDON

LONDON IS more beautiful than ever. There is smoke control, and many of the public and private buildings have been cleaned so that one gets a feeling of what the city must have looked like when new. Physically, life is so much easier here than in New York—no solid walls of people to battle for street space and even the crowded subways are peaceful compared to ours. It is possible to walk safely in streets and parks, and small children, like my grandson, can come home from the Cub Scouts by themselves at nine o'clock at night. After New York, where all commercial life that affects the consumer, such as shopping and services, takes place in a small number of blocks, London is immensely diffuse. The number of shops, big and small, is simply huge and it is hard to know where to buy anything. Prices are far less standardized than in America; whereas our sheets and towels cost the same everywhere, in London it pays to shop for price.

The West End shows no traces of the war, but in the eastern parts of the city you see a great deal of new building and parking places made out of blitzed-out spaces. Cheap food is much, much worse than in America and expensive food much better in flavor and much better served. None of the English would put up with the nonsense dished out by our waiters. Home-cooked food also tastes much better. It is the old story of different soils and climates and fewer chemical adulterations to both growing and processed food. The turkeys and chickens are a revelation, and so are the Brussels sprouts and the cauliflower, which here are worth eating. London restaurants are as cosmopolitan as New York ones; the good English ones, such as Rule's in Maiden Lane, cannot be beat for game and roast beef, sweetbreads and beef and kidney pies.

All in all, life is most pleasant if you have money. Quite apart from the devaluation of the pound and the advantages this brings for us Americans, luxury goods are less expensive than at home. Inexpensive clothing is cheaper and of a far better quality than its American equivalent. The girls' skirts are much mini-er than anything we see, but their moms are as dowdy as ever unless they belong to the top. But London does not swing, not even on the King's Road, where the fantastic get-ups can be seen. The boys have much more hair than ours; hair is socially acceptable, even for waiters in Lyon's cornerhouse, truck drivers and railroad workers. Incidentally, it is cleaner than New York hair, and combed.

The old class society, which I did not like when I went to school and college in England thirty years ago, is by no means dead. It is mitigated, of course, but it also persists because the so-called lower orders put up with it with hardly a murmur. It is no longer the workers who are rebellious against the established order, but the young, better-class intellectuals. The workers put up with ridiculously low wages and the benefits of the welfare state, such as subsidized excellent housing (our more expensive developments should take notice of what council flats can be), medical care, subsidies for children and the like. Put up is not the word; they are content, even if a salesgirl in a supermarket makes all of $25 a week and a fireman about forty. The telly and more and more small cars is all they want from life, provided they don't have to work too hard. It really is remarkable how people dislike working. Shops close for half days and are not open at night, small businesses such as sweet and tobacco shops close for lunch and a gentle euphoria envelops all, so that one feels like shaking up the whole damn lot to get the country out of the rut it is in.

Middle- and upper-class England is far less sedate than it was in my youth. The young people talk much like ours but are infinitely better-mannered. At a champagne party in the country where young and old were invited, everybody talked to everybody else in the most polite and charming manner. The general kindness of all the English comes as balm after New York manners. I have never met a New York taxi driver who felt it necessary to help a lame party like myself who walks with a stick, but all London ones do, as does everybody else.

A surprising sight in London is the emergence of a black proletariat of porters, cleaners, bus drivers and the like. Some are West Indians and Africans, others come from India and Pakistan, and invariably the poorest jobs are theirs; a Nigerian with a doctor of philosophy degree from an English university works as a dishwasher. Parts of London and provincial cities are going black, and the English don't like this any better than the Americans. Enoch Powell, who speaks his mind too frankly and in too tactless a manner about the danger of letting too many blacks into England, has more supporters than liberals like to admit.

LIVERPOOL. Contrary to all expectations, this turns out to be a fascinating, vital city with a cheerful population that speaks a cheerful dialect. The city is a triumph of great Victorian and pre-Victorian architecture, stressing the use of cast iron. The enclosed docks, such as the Albert ones, are magnificent red brick and iron structures, with no timber in the warehouses, to make them fireproof. I was as impressed with them as with any Roman amphitheater. Two churches have Gothic interiors made entirely from cast iron, and very beautiful they are. Early office buildings, such as Oriole Chambers, are remarkably modern in their aproach. And slum clearance, with tall new council dwellings, and the ships on the Mersey make one feel that not all is lost. Any lover of architecture should spend at least a couple of days in Liverpool to see how progressive a Victorian city can be. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM

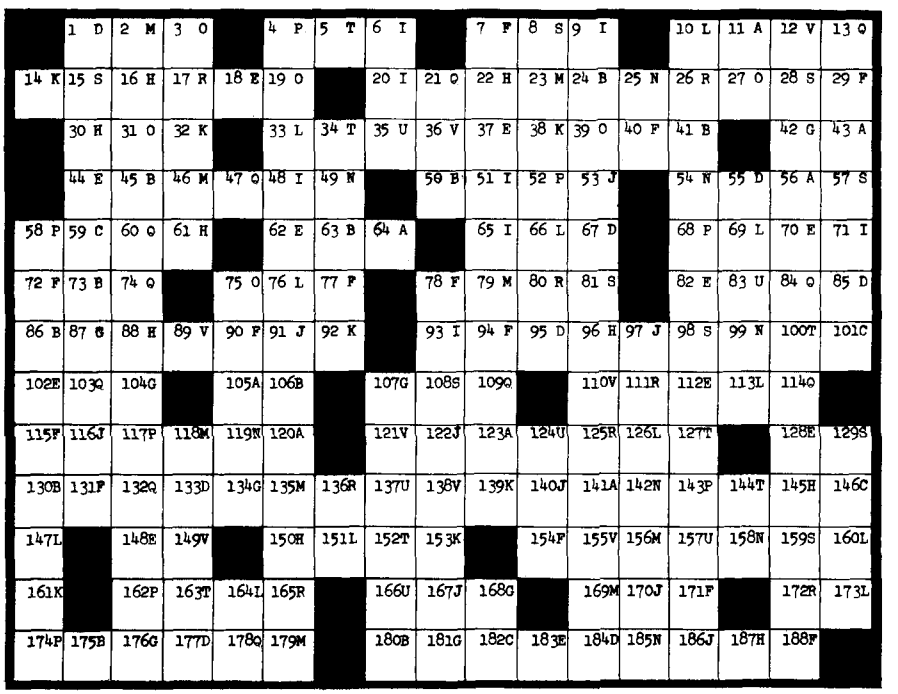
by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A plant having single or double, yellow nodding flowers that bloom in the spring	64 123 11 43 105 120 141 56
B. Not insulted	24 41 45 50 106 180 175 63 130 73 86
C. An item of footwear	59 146 182 101
D. An impossible football score	67 133 85 1 55 177 95 184
E. This belongs to Cuba	102 37 18 62 70 82 44 128 112 148 183
F. *Artemisia annua*	171 115 131 77 188 154 40 72 78 7 90 94 29
G. Contribution	176 181 104 134 107 87 42 168
H. Dry, delicate wit	16 88 150 145 22 96 61 187 30
I. A Johnny-come-lately	6 20 65 93 9 48 71 51
J. One of the Latin-American nations	122 91 116 97 186 53 167 140 170
K. Rapturous delight	32 14 92 153 139 38 161
L. A Jewish high holy day	69 10 33 66 76 113 126 151 160 147 164 173
M. On relief	79 46 156 2 179 135 23 169 118
N. One of the United States of Mexico	185 119 25 49 54 158 99 142
O. A number	3 39 27 31 75 19
P. One who shares living quarters with another	117 52 68 4 58 143 162 174
Q. A city in Cuba	84 13 21 47 132 74 109 114 178 60 103
R. A mythical island that sunk into the sea	111 165 17 26 125 172 136 80
S. To no place	129 57 159 8 15 81 108 28 98
T. A diplomatic official who often serves in a technical capacity	152 144 127 5 100 163 34
U. One of our friendly neighbors	166 157 83 124 35 137
V. Betroth	155 12 149 89 121 138 110 36

See page 138 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the realtive word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (JANUARY 28)

ROY COLBY: CONQUEST WITH WORDS:

Fine words mask evil. When the Communists liquidated millions of "uncooperative" farmers in the Ukraine and on the Chinese mainland in order to establish collective farming, what did they do? Commit murder on a grand scale? No, indeed. They merely instituted "agricultural reform."

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DOLAN
(cont. from p. 127)

audience—the kids. As he puts it, "I'm a believer in kids. You know they're really the most sincere people in the world, and when you get down to it all they really want from us is to be listened to."

Brucie's on-the-air style, you may be sure, reflects his regard for the younger ones. While Big Dan Ingram may be noted for his humor, Cousin Brucie is noted for his warmth. Big Dan may tell his listeners to ignore the weather report because it's probably wrong, but Brucie would rather say, in his warmest, winningest way, "It's gonna be cold tomorrow, my cousins, so be sure to get your arms around her and keep her warm. You hear?" And then, too, the way he says "Your Brucie here," his favorite self-introduction, just has to make it clear what side of the generation gap he's really on.

And the kids, as you might expect, like Cousin Brucie. In an average week he'll receive anywhere from three to ten thousand fan letters; a good many of them from that favorite animal, "the troubled teen-ager." Brucie explains it: "I get letters from kids who have all kinds of problems, sex, parents, school . . . sometimes suicide. A lot of them are pretty lonely; I think some parents today must be interested in a great many things besides their children. Anyway, all I know is that a lot of them have to write Cousin Brucie instead of going to their mother or father with their problems. I try and answer every letter and do what I can.

"I can understand, though, why the kids identify so much," says Bruce Morrow, graduate of NYU and holder of a Masters in Communications. "You know, radio isn't a mysterious black box like it used to be. Today we can actually become part of the family. It's pretty obvious we have a big impact on teen-agers. This is really the first media generation, and so they feel a pretty strong attachment."

And that's the Cousin Brucie phenomenon; telling us what we've heard before . . . kids have gotten to be a big business and the family structure isn't all it should be and the media has a big influence on the younger generation. Nothing new, obviously; still, it may be good to be reminded.

And so that's WABC, the format that has pace, the music that has sentiment, the voice on the air that becomes a friend—super-hit radio. □

LETTERS
(cont. from p. 100)

Not a bad idea. And while I'm gone, take care of the race problem, would you, O'Toole? —WFB

Whether he meant it or not, I think Mr. Buckley gave *NR*'s readers the wrong impression of the Choate School when he stated that JFK went to Choate "need we say more" [On the Right, Jan. 14]. It so happens that in the 1960 Presidential election Mr. Nixon received 81 per cent of the student vote and JFK a mere 19 per cent. In the 1968 election Mr. Nixon also defeated Mr. Humphrey here. Finally, I would like to state that our "indignant editors" do not represent the student body.
Wallingford, Conn. CHRISTOPHER ABBOTT
The Choate School

College as Democracy

I find Frank Meyer's effort to align the process of learning with the inculcation of timeworn "truths" rather abysmal. "Truth" in his article ["The Irrelevance of Relevance," Dec. 17] seems to be a combination of the assertion of authority, staid tradition, and dogmatic teaching. His views are naively anachronistic. Let him return to the Middle Ages to teach Latin. Modern academia emphasizes a heuristic learning experience. This is the way contemporary social problems are understood. Student demonstrations are a healthy manifestation of student concern.
Cambridge, Mass. HARRISON MOORE

The basic fact about college which I am impressed with is that it is the ideal community in which to practice democratic structures. These structures, of course, must always be subservient to the ideal of education and objective truth. But Mr. Meyer circumvents this entire part of the discussion by simply not regarding the campus as a community. *Sacre!*

How is the college not a community, Mr. Meyer? It is the interaction of individuals. The faculty and administration must always be the first among equals. But this interaction of powers and blocs can serve as the backdrop to democratic institutions, not the death of them.

The only possible difference between my community and any other is my ability to take a "drop" and leave. Mr. Meyer points this out, of course. It is, however, illuminating to remember that Castro theoretically gives Cubans that right. Is Cuba a community? Is college?
New York, N.Y. JOHN MC CANN

Messrs. Moore and McCann are undoubtedly correct if we accept their liberal premises. My argument, however, was based on the conservative premise that the university as an institution exists neither to deal with "contemporary social problems" nor to "practice democratic structures." Rather its function is to impart to the new generation the tradition and learning of their civilization, with the requisite analytical understanding. This is in its essence not a democratic process (that is, the university does not arrive at its end by taking a vote and proclaiming the opinions of 50 per cent plus one of the student body to be true). The university, if it is to be anything more than a playpen for "participatory democracy," must have a highly authoritative structure, in which the faculty are masters and the students are . . . students. —FSM

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Wilkins v. Innis

On The Right

New York, Feb. 1—The stand taken a few days ago by Mr. Roy Wilkins, the head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was in one respect welcome. He denounced black extremism, and there is no denying the need to denounce it. But in the course of doing so, he planted squarely his objections to the evolution of the black movement during the last couple of years, and that is something else again.

Mr. Wilkins made two points, one of them constitutional, the other social. As a matter of law, surely he is correct in suggesting that what white people are not permitted to do to black people, black people surely ought not to be permitted to do to white people. If it is wrong under the Constitution for white people to compel segregation, then it is wrong for black people to compel segregation. Accordingly, said Mr. Wilkins, if it becomes necessary for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to go back to the courts and sue black defendants, he is quite prepared to do so.

This declaration has now brought a vigorous denunciation from Mr. Roy Innis, who is the head of the Congress of Racial Equality. Mr. Innis spoke well of Mr. Wilkins' historic role as head of the NAACP but suggested that, really, Mr. Wilkins' retirement is overdue; that he is behind the times, that he does not understand the meaning of the current struggle of the Negroes for self-identification. On the matter of turning back to the courts, Mr. Innis was emphatic: "The latest NAACP outrage is the last straw. If Wilkins can use funds earmarked for black people to fight against those same people, then CORE will commit resources to defend and safeguard the students in their demands."

Now there is a happy prospect for an innocent judge sitting somewhere — to find himself one day presiding over a lawsuit brought by the NAACP against, say, the administration of Northwestern University, for acceding to Negro student demands that Negro students be given their own living quarters, with CORE defending Northwestern. How to untangle *that* mess. . . .

The key, surely, is whether the new Negro militancy will permit Negroes so disposed to proceed as they are disposed, toward integration. The stories of black militants booing non-conformists are now legion: they proceed as if they have the rights of union leaders, to bully and to intimidate those who do not want to join. How, one wonders for instance, would a Negro student fare at San Francisco State College if he arrived there as a freshman and announced that he did not desire to join the black students' union, nor to associate exclusively with the black students? To whom would he turn for protection? Would the administration protect him? If not, would he need to turn to the NAACP?

THESE QUESTIONS are not idle, because although the machinery against coercion is technically available to any free citizen, in fact it is likely to be useless if the social situation is such as to cause people to submit to demands by black militants in order to achieve just a little serenity. Mr. Wilkins' legal threat, under the circumstances, is valid: the machinery should be kept lubricated. We must not permit ourselves to graduate into the assumption that only whites are capable of intimidating blacks.

But Mr. Wilkins, in his anger, failed to make the proper distinction. As an advocate of integration backed by law (Mr. Wilkins grew up in the integrationist tradition of liberalism), he has indeed failed to give serious enough attention to the role of self-consciousness in improving the Negroes' lot. It is that self-consciousness which many wise Negro leaders appear to be asking for: Negroes helping Negroes, relying upon themselves, helping themselves, organizing themselves, educating themselves. The great psychological question is: Can Negroes achieve this solidarity, this self-consciousness, without — in pursuit of exclusiveness — encouraging the hatred of others? Can one be a proud Negro without being proudly anti-white?

The answer is clearly in the affirmative, even as one could be a proud Christian without being antisemitic. But the dangers are there, witness Elijah Muhammad and his kindergarten racism, of which there are overtones even in the sophisticated writings of James Baldwin and Richard Wright. But the excesses do not condemn the idea, and in this respect Roy Innis scores against Roy Wilkins, not because integration isn't what is ultimately desirable, but because voluntary segregation may be the quickest historical way to achieve it. □

MR. NIXON AND THE DRAFT

New York, Jan. 26—There are those who hope that President Nixon will galvanize the country by instant action on at least something to do with Vietnam, even if it is something ancillary to the talks in Paris. Professor Milton Friedman writes in *Newsweek* Magazine that at least Mr. Nixon should set a date beyond which no draftee will be sent to Vietnam. Mr. Friedman believes that his idea is mechanically feasible. That you simply draw from the 900,000 volunteers already in the army, and sweeten the service in Vietnam by adding substantially to the paychecks of men who serve there.

It isn't so clear that it's all feasible, even after Mr. Friedman is done with the argument, but it is clear that his heart is, as usual, in the right place, and that there is an unusual conjunction of pressures on Mr. Nixon from both the libertarian Right and the hard Left to move towards the abolition of the draft. The movement was morally animated by last summer's declaration by the World Council of Churches in favor of selective conscientious objection. The argument is that a young man ought to have the right to object to participation in any given war: an objection which many young men would instantly exercise in considering the Vietnam war.

THE IDEA of a wholly volunteer army is very appealing. So, for that matter, is the idea very appealing of wholly voluntary taxation, a subject with which dreamers episodically dream, and dreams, viz. Martin Luther King's, can be very inspiring, provided they are not

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mischievously deceptive. Mr. Friedman's plan is sort of a way-station to a wholly volunteer army. If we need yet awhile to have draftees, send them not to Vietnam, but elsewhere. After all, two-thirds of our armed forces reside outside Vietnam.

Interesting problems, however, survive the Friedman-WCC proposals. Suppose that we have a draftee who, because he objects to the war in Vietnam, is therefore sent to, oh, Frankfurt. And there he drills and goes through his maneuvers and lives his soldier's life, as the months of his enforced service tick by. But then FLASH! there is a crisis in the Mideast, and the President of the United States orders our troops to land in, say, Lebanon. The soldier in question—let us think of him as a graduate of Harvard, just to put flesh and bones on our abstraction—presents himself to his superior officer and announces that as he deliberates on the subject of the Mideast, he believes it would be morally wrong to land in Lebanon and under the circumstances, he invokes his right to selective objection, and respectfully declines to join the airlift.

THOSE WHO SUPPOSE that this is caricature should remember that in the list of "moral atrocities" (yes, those are the words our young absolutists toss about these days, as airily as if ordering a Coca Cola) committed by Lyndon Johnson, one almost always finds lumped together our venture in Vietnam and our venture in the Dominican Republic — where President Johnson acted with lightning speed in landing the Marines. In other words, it is conceivable that an individual could, under the projected dispensation, subject every contemplated military maneuver to the test of his sovereign conscience, and let's face it. there would very likely be a lot of twitchy consciences about, say, participating in a Normandy invasion—on the grounds, if you like, that we hadn't tried seriously enough to negotiate our differences with the Third Reich.

It will not be easy, in other words, for President Nixon to absorb the principle of selective conscientious objection into any general military arrangement. The final logic of selective objection is, in fact, to render militarily useless those who are disposed to use their right to selective objection, it being more than the Pentagon can undertake to do to custom-make all military operations to the taste of individual consciences.

Under the circumstances, it would appear that interim solutions are unlikely to succeed. If the President were to announce that only volunteers would be sent to Vietnam, why should he get away with sending draftees to, say, Katanga, to bomb civilians, under the immaculate auspices of the UN — as American soldiers were required to do under President Kennedy? It is a tricky problem, even for the resourceful Mr. Nixon. □

BUCHER VS. WHO?

New York, Feb. 5— The Navy has replied to its critics by insisting that, after all, if the regulation stipulates A, and the commanding officer does B, then you have got to have a court-martial, even if the purpose of it is to demonstrate that Regulation A is unrealistic. The reasoning sounds good, but there is static from a bad connection that traces to the widespread suspicion that the Navy is less interested in Regulation A than in saddling Commander Bucher with the blame which properly should rest on the shoulders of Navy brass.

The regulation in question says that no commanding officer should surrender his command without resisting with every means at his disposal. A question that logically arises is, what is the meaning of the term "with every means at his disposal?" Winston Churchill once galvanized a nation by talking of fighting on the beaches with beer bottles. But that was rhetoric, and Navy regulations should not deal with rhetoric; or if they do, said rhetoric ought not to constitute the basis for courts-martial. Commander Bucher pointed out that he had at his disposal exactly two 50-caliber machine guns, that his men could not have mounted the stations without being instantly demolished by the heavy artillery of the pursuing gunboats; that, in a word, the odds were such as David himself would not have accepted.

The corollary question is, why was the *Pueblo* thus ill-equipped? The record apparently shows repeated requests by Commander Bucher to give him additional armament, requests denied on the ground of insufficient funds. Whose fault, then, the derivative disaster?

And then the strange question arises: Why wasn't the ship scuttled? The answer given was that it would have required two and one half hours to sink the ship. I find this datum fascinating, since as a small-boat skipper I have spent considerable energy over the years keeping boats afloat, the sinking of which I have always assumed would be extremely easy to contrive, should the spirit ever move me. Why wasn't the *Pueblo* equipped with a manhole size sea-cock which, by simply unscrewing it, would have let in waters at a speed sufficient to sink the *Pueblo* in a few minutes? The further argument that the depth of the water was a mere 180 feet, so that not even the sinking of the *Pueblo* would have provided the ultimate security, is hardly a complete explanation. To begin with, it isn't all *that* easy to raise a boat from 180 feet of water. Moreover, much of the extra-delicate equipment would be ruined beyond recognition after the briefest sojourn under water. For a third, even if the ship had been exhumed, the net psychological situation would have been far better, the commander and his crew having clearly done their best under the unhappy circumstances.

WHAT SEEPS OUT of the sordid and poignant story is structural incompetence. Sending out the ship without adequate protection, the hours of delay in getting direction from Washington, the absence of effective protection (surely they might have carried on board an eentsy-weentsy atom bomb? or a James Bond?), the absence of effective scuttling devices, the incredible absence of self-destruct devices. All of these failings are those of naval engineers and naval authorities, not of men who command their ships. Commander Bucher's ordeal began after he was taken captive, and it is my own notion that face to face with men he described as animals, which is a mark of the residual generosity of Mr. Bucher, he behaved as heroically as any man who ever won the Congressional Medal of Honor. The special sadness of the situation lies in the publicity being given to one aspect of the drama at the expense of the other. To suppose that Mr. Bucher is guilty of delinquent conduct in handing over the *Pueblo* to the enemy, is akin to blaming one's local electrician in New York for the great blackout of 1965. Still, let the court-martial proceed. It will presumably vindicate Mr. Bucher, but expose at meticulous and dismaying length the ineptitude of powerful men whose conduct in the *Pueblo* affair was a perfect complement to the foreign policy which made the whole awful episode possible. □

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FOR THE RECORD

■ If you take the vote on filibuster in the Senate as a clearcut liberal-conservative fight, here's how the new GOP senators line up: With the liberals: **Charles Goodell** of N.Y. (appointed to succeed **Robert Kennedy**), **Charles Mathias** (Md.), **Robert Packwood** (Ore.), **William Saxbe** (Ohio), **Richard Schweiker** (Pa.). Only newies who sided with conservatives were **Harry Bellmon** (Okla.) and **Barry Goldwater** (natch), . . . **Robert Price**, who managed **John Lindsay** mayoralty campaign in 1965 and then broke with hizzoner, is now closely associated with **Nelson Rockefeller**, could well run Rocky operation in '70 if Rocky decides to go for four. . . . Sen. **Thomas Dodd** (D., Conn.) says he's definitely running in '70 (despite minimal support from homestate Democratic machine). "If I felt guilty, I wouldn't run," said Dodd. "I don't feel guilty and I'm not guilty."

■ Sen. **Eugene McCarthy** continuing to enrage his liberal supporters. Latest caper was a no-show at Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions do (that's **Robert Hutchins'** bag) on being kinder to Red China a week or so ago. In attendance, and performing as expected, were Senators **J. Wm. Fulbright** and **Allan Cranston** (Dems.) and **Mark Hatfield** (Rep.) and **Arthur Goldberg** . . . **Marcus Raskin** and the New Politics group that supported McCarthy along about last fall are planning an inauguration of a "shadow government in exile" in Washington D. C. on March 4. **Dick Gregory** will be the inauguree. Gregory and Antioch College President **James Dixon** are now co-chairmen of New Politics. . . . Messrs. **Wm. Sloane Coffin, Mitchell Goodman, Michael Ferber** and **Benjamin Spock** have signed fund appeal letter for Civil Liberties Legal Defense Fund, Inc. which will defend draft evaders. The CLLDF is applying for tax-exempt status. . . . Screaming, the unhappy handful who put up the $50,000 bail that was forfeited when **Eldridge Cleaver** blew the scene. . . . A fund appeal for that is now advertised in left press as is fund appeal for **Jerry Rubin**, Yippie founder, who's in trouble with the courts here and there. Rubin, incidentally, has announced the end of the Yippie movement in *New York Rat* and *Berkeley Barb*. Seems it succumbed to government harassment that has "bottled up resources, sapped energy and demoralized the spirit."

■ **Jewish spies**, or suspected Jewish spies in Iraq have been told they will get full pardon if they turn themselves in to authorities and confess everything within the month. . . .Syrian press furious over **Lebanon**'s apparent refusal to allow Arab terrorists to infiltrate Israel via Lebanese territory. . . . In Paris, Gen. **Pierre Koenig**, a WW II hero, is heading a campaign to oppose Gen. de Gaulle's military arms boycott of Israel. . . . Ships carrying **California grapes**, among other goods, to Swedish ports are being diverted to other West European harbors. Swedish Transport Workers have voted not to unload those freighters in gesture of solidarity with striking California farm workers.

London Daily Mail Ben Roth Agency

"I don't see why Pierre Trudeau should be the only trendy PM, Mary."

■ Thirteen Western newsmen (American, British, German, French) who arrived in Prague to cover **Jan Palach** funeral were booted out. . . On the first day of its packaged trip sales for 1969, the official Czech CEDOK travel agency sold 7,568 trips to "capitalist" countries, only 106 to the USSR. . . . Some U.S. Navy men in uniform on a plane hijacked to **Havana** last week report they were interrogated by Cuban police and threatened: "You are a very brave man not to answer my questions" type of threat. One was told he might be prosecuted for illegal entry. . . . Cost to U.S. airlines per hijacked plane between $7,500 and $10,000. U.S. pilots say the planes could be flown right back since Czech and Mexican jets of equal size fly in and out of Havana, but that Castro insists passengers be kept overnight and flown back in prop-planes to raise dollar credits. . . . A survivor of **Bay of Pigs**, who was in Cuba not so long ago, reports that when **Fidel Castro** visits any military garrison he first has his bodyguards disarm the soldiers.

■ Would you believe? **Nathaniel Branden** (**Ayn Rand**'s ex-guru) has opened an office in Los Angeles "for the practice of personal and vocational counseling."

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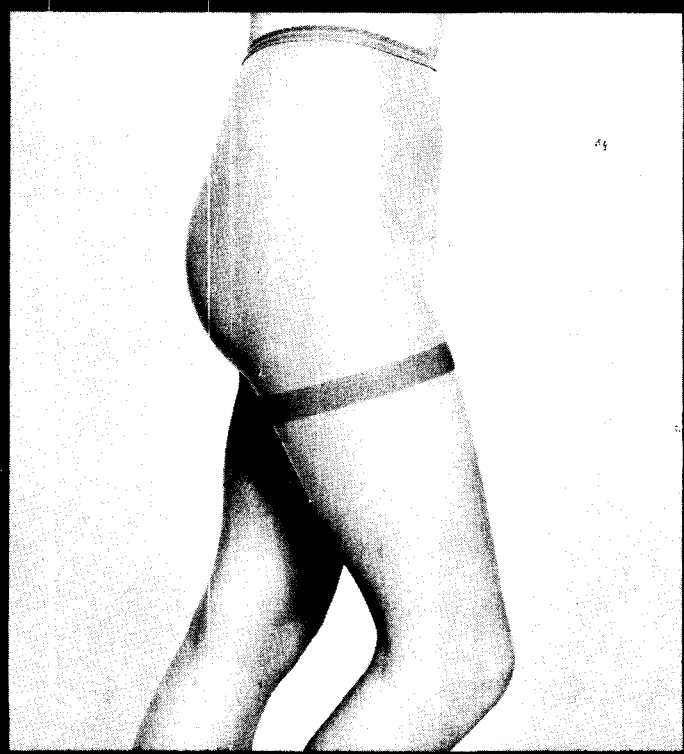

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